



THE



LEISURE HOUR

DECEMBER, 1885.

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- Twixt Love and Duty.**
By TIGHE HOPKINS.
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ALMANACK FOR

DECEMBER, 1885.

1 T	☉ rises 7.46 A.M.	8 T	☉ rises 7.55 A.M.	16 W	☉ rises 8.4 A.M.	24 T	☉ rises 8.8 A.M.
2 W	Pleiades S. 11.0 P.M.	9 W	Mars rises 11.0 P.M.	17 T	Daybreak 5.57 A.M.	25 F	CHRISTMAS DAY
3 T	Venus an evn. star	10 T	☉ great. dis. from ☉	18 F	Jupiter a mtn. star	26 S	Bank Holiday
4 F	Clock af. ☉ 9m. 28s.	11 F	Orion S. at midnt.	19 S	Tuil. ends 5.58 P.M.	27 S	S. AF. CHRISTMAS
5 S	Pisces S. 7.0 P.M.	12 S	Venus sets 7.30 P.M.	20 S	4 SUN. IN ADVENT	28 M	☉ 3 Quar. 0.22 P.M.
6 M	2 SUN. IN ADVENT	13 S	3 SUN. IN ADVENT	21 M	Full ☉ 8.59 P.M.	29 T	☉ Ck. bef. ☉ 3m. 26s.
7 M	(New ☉) 1.17 P.M.	14 M	☉ 1 Quar. 6.23 P.M.	22 T	☉ sets 3.51 P.M.	30 W	☉ sets 3.57 P.M.
	☉ sets 3.49 P.M.	15 T	☉ sets 3.49 P.M.	23 W	☉ least dis. from ☉	31 T	☉ least dis. from ☉

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Oh, den Golden Slippers ss
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Oh! touch those Chords ss
Only a Kiss in the Twilight ss</p> | <p>Only a Pansy Blossom ss
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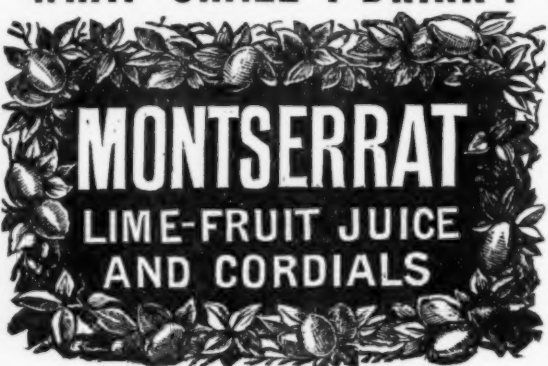
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'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE PETTY-CASH BOOK



"SOME THINGS HERE I DON'T UNDERSTAND," SAID MR. TRIMBLE.

MASTER JARVIS, familiarly known to Mr. Trimble's clerks as Tomahawk, or the Boy Chief, found himself entrusted with new duties shortly after Mr. Jones's appointment to the office of manager.

Mr. Jones had many little idiosyncrasies which he judged it well to keep from the knowledge of Mr. Trimble. He had never seen anything to be gained by a too punctilious attention to duty when his employer's back was turned, so the times when Mr. Trimble was not in the office were appropriated by Mr. Jones to purposes of his own.

But as Mr. Trimble had an awkward and irritating habit of coming in when least expected, it was found necessary to devise means whereby Mr. Jones might be saved from detection in any unprofessional occupation.

So Master Jarvis was named to the office of scout. He liked it, and he knew all about it, because he had read of scouts in his favourite books with red and yellow paper covers, and from these he had learned how to whistle in a soft and penetrating manner when the enemy came in sight.

He was posted at the outer door of the office one morning, a few days after the visit of Marian and the lieutenant to Mr. Trimble, and Mr. Jones was in his own room, in a negligent attitude, studying his sporting journal, the "Morning Canter." He computed the odds and examined his betting-book and his purse, and then took from his desk the box containing the petty-cash of the office, of which he had control.

He was thinking it would be as well there should be another payment on the petty-cash

account when Master Jarvis gave the signal which heralded the approach of Mr. Trimble. Mr. Jones made haste to put his paper away, and seated himself at his desk.

Mr. Trimble passed on into his own room, and presently he rang his bell and asked for Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones closed the door behind him when he went in, as he always did. His caution in this matter was the result of memory of interviews held long ago in this same room, when Mr. Trimble had felt it necessary to address Mr. Jones in terms which wounded that gentleman's pride.

"Have you the petty-cash book?" inquired Mr. Trimble.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jones. "I was meaning to ask you for a payment on account of petty cash this morning."

"Let me look at the book," said Mr. Trimble.

This was a very unusual demand; in fact, in Mr. Jones's time, it had never been made before. Mr. Trimble had perhaps no special reason for asking to see the book, but the old feeling of distrust had grown in him again, and he had persuaded himself, not without grounds, that Mr. Jones's department required a little occasional supervision. Mr. Jones went out to fetch the book.

In the petty-cash book entries were made of disbursements for stamps and sundry small office expenses. Sometimes, when the cash-box was empty, Mr. Jones made these payments out of his own pocket, as his predecessors had been in the habit of doing, and occasionally, when the box had been replenished, he borrowed a sovereign for his own use, which his predecessors had not been in the habit of doing.

Taking the book out of his desk, he ran his eye hurriedly over the last page on which entries had been made, and noted one or two figures which gave him a momentary feeling of uneasiness. But there was no time to amend them, and Mr. Trimble's examination of the book was not likely to be critical.

"Here it is, sir," said Mr. Jones, presenting the book to Mr. Trimble.

Mr. Trimble took it and put it on one side, saying that he would look into it. This again was unusual, but Mr. Jones had no choice but to leave the book and retire.

He had no sooner left the room than Mr. Trimble took up the book and began to turn over the leaves. He did so indifferently at first, but presently his examination of the entries became closer, and at length he came to a page which, after scanning it carefully, he turned down, with an exclamation which was midway between a chuckle of triumph and a note of disgust. He found other similar pages, and turned them all down.

Then he rang his bell, and summoned Mr. Jones again.

"Some things here I don't understand," said Mr. Trimble.

"Indeed, sir; what are they?" inquired Mr. Jones, with an air which bespoke him ready to explain anything and everything.

"Do you make all these entries when the payments are made?" asked Mr. Trimble.

Mr. Jones assured the solicitor that that was his practice.

"How do you account for entries like these?" said Mr. Trimble, and he showed a page of the book which contained the following amongst other entries:—

	£	s.	d.
Stamps : Affidavits in Green v. Grey . . .	0	7	6
Postages : Admiral Graeme's audit notices . .	0	17	0
Cabs	0	5	0
Stamps : To office copies, Green v. Grey . .	0	7	6

The first and the fourth entries, it will be noticed, are identical, and to these Mr. Trimble called Mr. Jones's attention.

"It almost looks as though I had made the same entry twice over, sir," said Mr. Jones, with a brave effort at a smile.

"It has that appearance to me," replied Mr. Trimble, drily.

"And how do you explain this?" he went on; "and this?" and this? And he showed three or four other pages which he had turned down, all bearing similar entries.

"It almost looks as though you had made quite a number of entries twice over," said Mr. Trimble, drily.

"At first sight it certainly has that appearance, sir," answered Mr. Jones; "but it cannot really be so, for I am most careful in making the entries. If you will give me the book, sir, I will look into it at once, and see how the mistakes can have occurred."

"H'm! Well, no; you can leave the book with me. I'll send for you when I have done with it," said Mr. Trimble, and motioned Mr. Jones to leave the room.

Mr. Trimble paced up and down before his desk when he was left alone, then seated himself again, and devoted himself to a final examination of the petty-cash book. Before this was done he had fully resolved himself, and taking out his cheque-book, he observed when the last payment had been made to Mr. Jones, and wrote a cheque to that gentleman's order, for his services to three months beyond the date.

Mr. Jones's day of grace had passed; he himself had written in the petty-cash book the order for his own dismissal.

Mr. Trimble's examination of the accounts had made it clear to him that Mr. Jones had commenced a series of thefts within a week of his appointment to the office of manager. They were the worst kind of thefts, little cowardly ones, which showed that the man had deliberately used his employer's cash-box as his own privy purse—robbing steadily and stealthily without compunction.

By-and-by Mr. Jones came in again, and said smoothly, but with nervousness behind:

"I should be glad if you would let me look at the cash-book again, sir. I almost think that the notes from which the entries were made have become a trifle confused."

"I understood you to say," replied Mr. Trimble, "that your practice was to enter up the book as the payments were made."

"My general practice, sir. Oh, yes, certainly;

but it happened now and then that I fell a little into arrears, and with the pressure of other business the notes would sometimes get disordered, but I can easily—"

Mr. Trimble made a gesture with his hand, and took up the cheque he had just written, and held it out to Mr. Jones.

"What does this mean, sir?" said Mr. Jones, nervously.

"It means," replied Mr. Trimble, "that after to-day I shall not trouble you to return to my office. It means that I have considered the terms of your engagement, and have written you a cheque for your services during the past calendar month, and for services during the next three months which I shall not require of you."

"I am to understand then, sir, that you are dismissing me?" said Mr. Jones.

"That is perhaps the plainest way of putting it," answered Mr. Trimble.

"And without a hearing, sir?"

Mr. Trimble tapped the book which lay before him, and made no other answer.

Jones was a man who could act the braggart always, and the bully on occasion, up to a certain fixed point; but he had no foundations, and quickly collapsed.

"He saw that his master had him fairly in the toils, and that neither the braggart nor the bully would avail him here. A moment's reflection sufficed him for a brief forecast of the future, and the forecast was not comforting. To be turned adrift at his age, without a character, meant beggary, or at best a return to that anonymous and back-stairs existence, the discomforts of which he had proved in past years.

He had a third rôle, which he reserved for crises, that of the penitent suppliant.

He tried this now, with the time-honoured appeal of all cravens—"Won't you give me another chance, sir?"

But it was too late; and at the best of times Jones was not the man to call into play the sentimental side of Mr. Trimble's nature.

Then he fell back on the despairing heroic, and said,

"Very well, sir, I leave you at once; and I can only hope that you will find another who will serve you as I have done."

"I hope that I shall not," answered Mr. Trimble; and had the occasion been lighter he would have chuckled at his own grim humour.

Mr. Jones was about to retire, with as much pride as he could muster, when Mr. Trimble stopped him.

"I have not done with you," he said, shortly.

Mr. Jones hurriedly ran over the events of the past few weeks in his mind, but decided that the petty-cash book was the worst thing that could be brought against him.

"I put you into an office of trust," said Mr. Trimble, gravely, "and you have abused my confidence as none but a bad man would. You have played the part, Mr. Jones, of the petty thief. I should have had less contempt for you had you plundered my safe instead of pilfering shillings from my cash-box. But this is not all that I have

to tax you with. Can you explain your conduct with regard to Mr. Lee?"

"Mr. Lee, sir?" stammered the culprit, who had long since decided to forget this episode in his career.

"You made certain statements in reference to Mr. Lee which I know now to have been absolutely without foundation; to have been, indeed, so far removed from the truth, that they could only have sprung in a maliciously inventive mind, and have had none but a malicious purpose. There were certain papers of Mr. Lee's, you may recollect, which disappeared, and were subsequently found in rather mysterious circumstances. Did you ever put your hand to papers of Mr. Lee's?"

"I—I sometimes put his papers away, sir, when I found them about," answered Mr. Jones.

"Ah! from what I recollect of Mr. Lee's habits I think I may say that you must have looked very keenly to find papers of his about. And when you did find them you must be credited with a high degree of ingenuity in putting them away. Your knowledge of law, Mr. Jones, is not, I am sorry to say, what I once believed it to be, but I think it is sufficient to tell you that the discoveries I have made in this cash-book would enable me to place you in a position in which you would hardly care to stand. But I am desirous of avoiding all scandal in connection with my office, and if I find you showing a penitent mind by making exertions to discover Mr. Lee I shall not do what it would otherwise be my duty to do—I mean in connection with your misconduct and these defalcations."

It was an opportunity to escape, and Mr. Jones was not slow to profit by it. He made a weak-kneed obeisance and went noiselessly out of the room. It was near the hour which he generally took for luncheon, so he made his exit unnoticed. The day wore on and Mr. Jones did not reappear; still there were no questions, for Mr. Jones's habits were not those of his predecessors in the manager's chair.

There was no little curiosity, however, on the following day, when Mr. Jones's room remained without a tenant. It was not allayed, and by-and-by each of the clerks declared in turn that he had always believed Mr. Jones would leave in this way. Mr. Jones's face was never seen by them again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN "HOPE" WARD.

THIS business dispatched, Mr. Trimble said "I will be my own manager." He came down an hour earlier in the morning, and stayed an hour later in the evening, and very soon got tired of it.

He had reached the time of life when it is worse than uncomfortable to breakfast an hour earlier and dine an hour later than usual, and Mrs. and the Misses Trimble had occasion before long to complain of Mr. Trimble's resolve to do without a manager. He was perpetually out of sorts, and nothing was agreeable to him, and when at length he called for the dismissal of the cook, who had been fifteen years in his service,

Mrs. Trimble put her foot down, metaphorically speaking, and insisted on her husband's taking to himself another manager.

"It is not the cook who is to blame, Rupert," said Mrs. Trimble; "it is you. At your time of life you want an efficient helper in the office, and my own opinion is, that nothing has succeeded with you since you dismissed poor Mr. Lee."

Mr. Trimble was privately of the same opinion, and he was also reminded that as yet he had been wholly unsuccessful in his efforts to find Arnold.

"I must take it in hand myself," he said, and he did so forthwith. He wrote to Mrs. Warren, and requested to be informed as fully as possible respecting Arnold's last disappearance. Mrs. Warren replied, and then Mr. Trimble sent a message requesting the favour of some further conversation with the lieutenant.

The lieutenant came, and being for the moment more concerned about Marian's state of health than about Arnold's non-appearance, he told Mr. Trimble what had occurred the other night, and added that her condition since that evening had been such as to occasion some anxiety to Mrs. Warren and himself.

"You must have her home again," said Mr. Trimble. "Meanwhile, let you and I look closely into this matter. Tell me precisely what you have done."

The lieutenant recounted the vain endeavours of Mrs. Warren, Gilbert, and himself, and Mr. Trimble looked at him through half-closed eyelids and listened.

When the lieutenant had finished, Mr. Trimble said:

"It seems to me that the proper thing to do is precisely the thing which you have not done. You have made no inquiries at the hospitals; yet, from what you say, I feel little doubt that he is lying in some hospital at this moment. You tell me that he was last at this French restaurant in Soho. I make no doubt that he went straight from there to a hospital. The nearest hospital is the Central; we will inquire there this evening."

And to the Central Hospital they went in Mr. Trimble's brougham. Mr. Trimble, at the lieutenant's request, undertook the office of spokesman. He gave Arnold's name, and the date at which he would have been likely to claim admittance. The answer was that no such patient had been received in the hospital.

Mr. Trimble went over his story again, and received the same answer, but was told that he might, if he pleased, make application at the various wards. He did so, in company with the lieutenant, but met with no better success.

"I am puzzled," said Mr. Trimble, as he and the lieutenant drove away from the hospital. "I had a conviction that our inquiries would have ended here. There can be little doubt that the poor fellow went away sick to some hospital—to which should he have gone if not to this, which is within a stone's throw of the place he was lodging at? If we knew the name of that dresser you speak of, whom he made acquaintance with at the restaurant, I fancy we should not have much farther to seek."

They went to the restaurant and interviewed Madame. But she had never seen the medical gentleman since M'sieu' Lee went away, and she had never known his name.

"We'll make the round of the hospitals," said Mr. Trimble, and so they did, but were no nearer the object of their search than when they had first set out.

The lieutenant was in despair, and Mr. Trimble did not conceal his annoyance.

They returned to the Central Hospital, and Mr. Trimble said he was certain that Arnold was there. The authorities were equally certain that he was not, and once more the seekers found themselves completely baffled.

The lieutenant lacked the nerve to sustain an inquiry of this sort, and he wearied the solicitor besides with his daily reports of the troubled state of Marian. Mr. Trimble saw that to work in peace he must work alone, so he told this frankly to the lieutenant, and repeated the expression of his belief that Marian would do better at home in this crisis than in London.

The lieutenant saw the drift of the solicitor's argument, and its wisdom; he got Mrs. Warren to support him, the result being that he and Marian went home again to Three Dykes.

"Now then," said Mr. Trimble, "for another trial on fresh lines."

He went to the office of a well-known private inquiry agent, in a side street leading out of the Strand, and was shown up immediately on sending in his card.

He was ushered into a room strongly resembling a certain inner chamber in Scotland Yard, which perhaps you have never visited.

The inquiry agent, an ex-policeman, was a lean, grey man, with a somewhat clerical appearance, and a cast in his eye. The extensive and important nature of his business was indicated by the contents of the well-filled pigeon-holes which made a kind of fortification around three sides of the table at which he sat. There were some police bills folded together in a bundle before him, and £200 was the smallest reward offered on any of them. The literature neatly bestowed in a case with glass doors, behind the inquiry agent's chair, was concerned almost exclusively with crime and criminals, and choice of its kind.

The solicitor and the detective bowed to one another, and Mr. Trimble took the chair that was offered him.

In a professional sense the men were related, though Mr. Trimble would have looked at you in a very unpleasant manner if you had ventured to tell him so, but in the actual practice of their respective callings they moved on widely different lines. They both saw more of the seamy than of the sound side of life, but the detective saw a seamier side than Mr. Trimble. He stood at the top of one of the queerest, ugliest, and least satisfactory professions under the sun, and in his leisure hours he collected butterflies and classified them in a scientific manner. He was an obsequious man, and would bite his nails when not otherwise engaged.

"What can I have the pleasure of doing for

you, sir?" he inquired of Mr. Trimble, and as he spoke he carelessly unfolded a document wherein mention was made of a reward of £1,000, which would be given for information leading to the discovery of some one who was much wanted in connection with an interesting robbery of bonds. He did this by way of conveying a courteous reminder to Mr. Trimble that his business was not of the twopenny-halfpenny order.

Mr. Trimble unfolded some part of his mission, and the inquiry agent jumped at once to his own conclusion.

"Do you—ah!—do you intend to prosecute?" he said, feeling his way quietly.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Trimble. "Nothing is further from our intention."

"Won't prosecute!" answered the inquiry agent, and seemed disappointed.

"We simply desire to find the gentleman," said Mr. Trimble.

"To be sure," replied the inquiry agent, "to be sure. Rather grave case, though, as I gather from your remarks, sir; but family considerations, no doubt, and—and so on."

"You misunderstand me," observed Mr. Trimble, a little impatiently. "It is an ordinary case of disappearance, and the gentleman's friends are anxious to be in communication with him again; in fact, they desire to have him back."

But the inquiry agent was not satisfied. He knew Mr. Trimble, and felt sure that a solicitor of his standing would not be likely to concern himself so far as to call in person respecting an "ordinary case of disappearance." There was a mystery at the bottom of it, which ought to be worth money.

Mr. Trimble saw what his man was driving at, and felt that he had come to the wrong place; but he knew the detective for the sharpest man in his profession, and, assured that if any one could discover a lost sheep in the wilds of London this was the man, he cast aside reserve and told the case plainly.

It was well he did this, for the professor of the secret craft, appealed to in this manner, discovered some warmth of feeling, and said at once that he would undertake the case.

When he said this, Mr. Trimble felt that the affair was as good as finished, and left the office of the inquiry agent well satisfied.

Arnold was now in a fair way to be tracked down; and the truth is that he himself was beginning to be weary of concealment. He asked himself what crime he had been guilty of that he should any longer play the truant. He knew that anxious hearts must be yearning for him at home; he burned for a sight of Marian, for the sound of her voice, for the touch of her hand. He was sick of toiling in the beggarly by-paths of journalism, he who knew himself capable of the best work of the profession he had learned. He would not have cared had they found him where he lay at that moment, but go he could not. Where, then, was he all this while?

It was half-past eight at night in the Hope Ward of the Central Hospital. The lights had

been turned down, and there was quiet around most of the beds. But at no time of the day or night is there absolute stillness in a hospital ward. Some of the patients were settling themselves comfortably to sleep, there were others who waited wearily for the sweet sleep of death. An occasional sigh, an impatient movement of the bedclothes, a groan, or sometimes a sharp cry, told of the couch of pain.

The day nurses, who had been on duty since seven in the morning, were getting ready to leave the wards; the night nurse would be at her post in half an hour.

By-and-by a door opened at one end of the ward, and the Sister of the ward, in her high starched cap and apron, came in with her Bible and prayer-book to read prayers.

There was a lectern against the wall, and a shaded lamp above it. She placed her books here, and the light fell on her quiet figure, and everywhere else in the room it was dark. She read a part of a chapter, and then knelt down and repeated a prayer out of her book, and from several of the beds there came muttered responses.

Then the Sister rose and said "Good night to you all," and retired.

There was one bed over which a nurse, seated beside it, kept close watch. Presently there was a change in the patient, which the nurse was quick to note. She bent over the bed and listened, and then made a sign to another nurse, who left the ward immediately. In a few minutes she returned, and a doctor with her.

A screen was drawn around the bed, and when this was done every one knew that death was taking place behind it. It was soon and quietly over; and by-and-by a sheet was thrown over the corpse, and it was lifted noiselessly out of the ward; and the next morning the rest of the patients knew no more than that a bed was vacant for another comer.

In the bed next to this lay Arnold, his rest broken for the night.

He was just recovered of a low fever. Taken in the nick of time, and under good treatment, it had proved a trifling matter, though enough to have given him his quietus had he moped on at the Restaurant Parisien.

He was up and about again now, and as he lay awake that night he counted the days until they would give him his discharge.

When he went in to the hospital, his friend the dresser, with nice feeling, suggested that he might if he liked pass himself in under an assumed name; and this, along with the unusual and more or less private nature of his admission, was the reason why Mr. Trimble and the lieutenant had twice been sent away unsatisfied when they inquired for him at the hospital.

Life flowed easily, and on the whole not disagreeably, in this huge sick-house. For the most part, somebody had just died or was on the point of dying; but so many went there (to the medical wards in particular, as distinguished from the surgical) who had no other end in view, that death came to be classed almost amongst the commonplace events of the ward.

A hundred things came across the day to save it from dullness. Something went wrong with the boiler in the ward kitchen, which made the tea queer, and here was matter enough for talk until lunch-time.

And if other topics failed one could always fall back on his own or his neighbour's case, and I promise you they enjoyed this as much as anything. Thus, Number Five, when he had set down his mug at breakfast-time, would turn over on his side and spend a comfortable half-hour discussing with Number Four the change he felt in himself since the previous night; and Number Four would listen, and proceed to unfold his own condition; and then Number Five would turn over on the other side and tell Number Six how he and Number Four were this morning; and I can assure you this was very comfortable conversation, and not at all tedious. The doctor came in and made his round, sometimes a hurried and sometimes a leisurely one, with a posse of students at his heels, and the patients whose cases presented uncommon features felt a mild gratification not unmixed with pride when the doctor made a pause beside them and began, "Now I want you to look carefully at this case."

The chaplain came in his turn, and sometimes a policeman, to inquire after a patient whose attendance was needed elsewhere when the hospital could spare him.

Persons of a sentimental or philosophical turn interested themselves in the progress of the flirtation—which never interfered with business—between the junior nurse and Arnold's friend, the dresser, the latter of whom looked in from his own surgical ward oftener than he need have done, on pretence of inquiring after Arnold, but everybody saw through this. A consumptive florist's assistant, who lay in one of the beds, said he would take care they had plenty of flowers when the day came, but in the meanwhile the poor fellow died.

Arnold was looked after quite well enough, though I do not know but it was owing partly to the junior nurse's regard for the dresser that he had his bread-and-butter cut thinner than the others, and a spoon to stir his tea with.

But these favours were not grudged him by the rest of the patients, for as soon as he got on his legs he made himself very brisk and companionable, reading the murders, and marriages, and mortality reports out of the daily paper, and helping the nurses round with the mugs at tea-time.

Arnold was a mere number here, like the rest of them, and had a blue paper pinned up over his bed, with his case written out and some hieroglyphs by the doctor relating to medicine and diet. They were giving him port wine now, and a good brand too, and he shared it surreptitiously with Number Nine, who had disease of the spine, and was at present in no great hurry to get rid of it.

Arnold was less content than Number Nine. One who finds himself in the hospital, being suddenly stricken down by disease after spending the best years of his life between a noisome work-

shop and a home in a three-pair back in a dirty court, is not always in a hurry to be sent out of it. He is sick, but sickness in a London hospital is better than health in some London homes. He breathes a clean air, he is fed with cleanly food, he has cleanly and soft hands to wait on him, and he hears cleanly voices in his ear all day. He is married, perhaps, and has children, and a life of pinching here and battling there has not made him so selfish but that he is anxious to be free again to use his arm for them; but for himself he is better in the hospital than out of it, and would as lief as not see the screen drawn about his bed, which is a certain sign there that one is a claimant for a deal coffin.

But Arnold was yet of the quick in all senses. He had had some small buffetings, but they had done little to knock the heart out of him. He was of good stuff and could endure plenty of weather. It irked him every day that he was still a prisoner. As much as anything else he had needed rest of mind, and now that he had had this perforce, he began to feel both mind and body expand again; he was pricked with the desire to work; he felt that he had toiled amiss and to no purpose; he should not have hidden himself; he wanted to get out again and once more put himself to the front.

He worried the nurse and the doctor to pronounce him well, and he was just now asking himself whether he would not be justified in going straight to Trimble and showing him that both of them had acted foolishly, and bidding Trimble undo the injustice he had done him. He was of this mind on the day that Mr. Trimble went to set the private inquiry agent on his track.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE TWO LOVERS.

THE poet Bell and the dresser who was in love with the junior nurse were solid friends to Arnold in the days when he was warded. Some natural curiosity was allied to the interest they felt in him. The dresser had been acquainted with Arnold only since his low-water days, but he knew that causes removed from the common must have conspired to bring him under. Bell and Arnold were friends of old standing, but Bell had been no more in Arnold's confidence than anybody else respecting the real reasons of his quarrel with Mr. Trimble and his subsequent and consequent misfortunes. Arnold had kept as close as ship's timber, and all his friends could say was that something bad had happened. Bell knew Arnold and trusted him, and so did the dresser when Bell had talked to him. These two made friends over Arnold's bed, and after that Bell was in and out continually, for the handmaiden whom the dresser loved procured him free entry on days when other visitors were not admitted. It was a most fortunate thing for everybody that the dresser and the junior nurse were in love with one another. It gave the patients something to gossip about, it procured Arnold thin bread-and-butter for his tea, and the poet the privilege of coming and going in

the ward as he pleased; nothing could have been better.

The dresser's curiosity respecting the gentleman patient whom he had taken to friend was still further provoked when it came to his ears that two persons had been making persistent inquiries at the hospital for a patient who, as they described him, could be none other than Arnold. He learned that they had been twice, and that at the second time they had with difficulty been turned away, one of them expressing himself certain that the patient inquired for was at the Central Hospital and nowhere else. He asked whether Arnold had been communicated with, and was told that he had not, and the dresser then began to wonder whether he had done right in recommending Arnold to enter under a false name. For the present, however, he said nothing to Arnold, but he resolved to talk to Bell.

Bell came in that evening and was full of talk about the new law journal, which he said he had a shrewd suspicion that Arnold might edit when he was fit to put the harness on again.

"And that," answered Arnold, "is not many days off, I can tell you, old fellow."

When Bell was going away, the dresser came in and said he had just put a man comfortable who had had his leg broken in eleven places, and it had given him an appetite for supper. He proposed that Bell should go with him to sup at the French restaurant, where one might feast Pantagruelistic fashion, and his purse not shrink much over the reckoning.

"By-the-way," said Arnold, "how's Madame? If I'd had any decent feeling about me I'd have sent her a word before this, for she quite believed I was going away to die, and she cried some good tears over me. But you've told her I'm not a grave man yet, I dare say, one of you?"

"Why, now I come to think of it," said Browne, the dresser, "I haven't been there since we put you up, Lee—have you, Bell?"

"To my sorrow, no," answered the poet; "for the old marquis in the kitchen has a delicate skill in cutlets."

"Come along then," said the dresser, "we'll go and comfort Madame about Lee here."

Madame pounced on them at once for news of her friend.

"Zat po' M'sieu Lee, w'at you make wis him?" queried Madame, anxiously, when she proffered the slate on which the dishes for the day were pencilled. Bell assured her that they had left Arnold comfortably tucked in for the night not ten minutes before.

"He got some fevers, I thing, hey, po' M'sieu Lee?" said Madame.

"Oh, he's done with fevers," answered Bell. "You'll have him round here for *côtelettes aux champignons*, in a day or two."

"I tell you, gent'men, M'sieu 'ave *côtelettes aux champignons*, or w'atever else he like, jus' so soon w'at he come at me 'ouse, and I don' care noding 'bout ze bill, needer don' me 'usban'. I tell you I glad M'sieu' Lee don' die zis-a-w'ile; an', gent'men, 'ave you know zat M'sieu' been hask for? *Mais oui*, it jus' so w'at I tell you. Zere is

two gent'men call at me 'ouse w'en M'sieu' Lee gone since tree days, an' zey 'ave say zey want him. An' I say 'gent'men, you can' see M'sieu' Lee 'cause he not of me 'ouse any mo' zis time, an' I tell zey are *fâchés* w'en I say zat. You know who zose gent'men be, sairs? Zose gent'men am frends of M'sieu' Lee, *mais* zey not come since a good w'iles now."

Bell asked the dresser if he knew anything of this, and Browne said he had been meaning to talk to Bell about it, for two gentlemen had been inquiring at the hospital for a patient who could be none other than their friend.

"Did you see them?" asked Bell.

"No," said Browne, "but they were described to me;" and he gave Bell the descriptions of the visitors which he had had from the porter at the hospital.

Bell did not recognise the descriptions, but said he thought it would be as well to let Lee know.

"I rather fancy," he said, "that one of them is Trimble. Trimble was his governor, and, as I believe, at the bottom of all the mischief. It was he who put Lee into this fix; at least, that's what I believe. He's penitent now, I expect, and Lee might as well know it. What do you think of him? Will he be fit again soon?"

"We could send him out in a week," answered Browne.

"Ah! then it's quite time we began to make a bed for him outside. He has been keeping out of sight of his friends for a long while past, but we must have him amongst them again. I must tell Reade."

"Who is Reade?"

"A friend of the family. They set Reade to hunt him up a long time ago, but just after I had found him by chance one day, and put Reade on his track, he dived into the hospital and told me, when he wrote to me from there, not to let Reade know where he was."

"Yes," replied the dresser; "but it won't do to let him go hiding again, to live the life he was leading before I brought him here, or we should have him in a second time, and then it would be 'good night!' You had better tell Reade."

"I'll do so without mentioning it to Lee. But we'll tell Lee, I think, of Madame's gentlemen; the same, no doubt, whom you heard of at the hospital."

They made this communication to Arnold on the following day, and he knew at once by the descriptions Browne gave him that the two inquirers could be no other than the lieutenant and Mr. Trimble.

The knowledge that Mr. Trimble also was looking for him was a gratification as well as a surprise to Arnold. It was a very considerable surprise, and it showed him that Trimble's feelings had undergone a revolution of some sort since the morning when he and his old chief had exchanged their exceedingly frosty farewells.

Trimble knew the truth then at last? This could hardly be doubted, but how had it been conveyed to him, and by whom? Curious and interesting queries, but Arnold could fetch no answer to them.

Upon one point, however, he was able now to give himself comfortable assurance, namely—that on the strength of the knowledge that had just come to him he need no longer hesitate to go to Trimble, for Trimble now was assuredly aware of the bitter injustice he had done him in the affair of the bankruptcy.

Bell went to the club that night in the hope of seeing Reade, but Reade was not there. So, over a trifle of supper, our poet composed a letter, in which he said that if Reade were still looking for their friend Lee he could save him further expenditure of shoe-leather, for he knew, and would tell him, where Lee was. He considered this information cheap at the price of a dinner, and proposed that Reade should come and pay for the same at the club the next evening.

Now Gilbert had begun to despair of finding Arnold, and various feelings were struggling in him at the time when Bell's letter arrived. Suppose that Lee had disappeared for good, as seemed to him not impossible. Was there a chance that another might come to take the place of Lee in Marian's heart? Might he be that other—next year, or ever?

Then came the letter of Bell, and dashed his hopes for the hundredth and final time.

He sat down and accepted Bell's proposal.

He was at the club at the hour named the next evening, and heard Bell's recital.

He thanked Bell, and asked why he had not told him this sooner. Bell answered that he had been silent out of regard for Lee's own wishes; and then they fell to talking over the whole affair, and Bell told Reade some things about Arnold which he had not known before, and Reade told Bell some things which were new to him.

And when Reade had learned as much as Bell knew touching Arnold's experiences of the past few months, he felt a warmth of heart towards him, and something of admiration, and spoke out like the good fellow he was.

"There is splendid stuff in him," said Reade. "Don't you see the meaning of it all? He has gone through this to save her, in the first place, and to shield her, in the second. A woman might love a man like this."

"But does she love him?" said Bell.

Gilbert answered by recounting somewhat of Marian's recent conduct; as much as might be said without unkindly betraying her, and the poet replied:

"Yes, sir, yes. I take these to be amongst the symptoms and expressions of love, a thing which you and I, my dear friend, are sensible enough to appreciate only in the abstract. As a poet, perhaps, I know a little more about the passion than you do; but I think none the worse of you, and, if you will give me leave, I will request them to bring us some coffee."

"Do you think I might call on him at the hospital?" asked Reade, when they had adjourned to the smoking-room.

"I think you might," answered Bell. "The visiting days are—but no matter for the visiting days, you don't want to go in amongst the crowd. There's a kind nurse there who has, I believe,

some small regard for me, and a word from me will procure your admission whenever you like."

Bell, in fact, said a word to the junior nurse on the following day, and smiled his best in saying it; but the young lady perked up her nice starched cap, and told him the days appointed for visitors, and said that on no other day were strangers allowed in the ward.

The poet went, somewhat crestfallen, to young Mr. Browne, the dresser, and that gentleman also spoke a word in the ear of the junior nurse. On this occasion there was no perking of caps, nor allusion to the regular days for visitors; and Reade was privately informed that he might visit Number Three, in Hope Ward, on whatever day and at whatever hour he pleased. Such a useful as well as beautiful thing it is when a dresser and a junior nurse understand one another; at least, it was when rules were less strict.

You may be sure that when this permission had been given, it was not long before Gilbert found himself knocking at the door of Hope Ward. Arnold knew nothing of his coming, but he recognised at once the pleasant-faced, handsome man with the straight back, who inquired of the nurse in charge whether he could see Mr. Lee.

It was late in the afternoon, tea had just been served, there was a roaring fire in the wide grate, and its light played over the bare scoured floor, and over the texts in bright letters on the walls.

Arnold, who was sitting over the fire, got up as Reade approached. He was pale, and his features somewhat shrunken; but altogether he looked rather better than otherwise for his stay in the hospital, and his figure had lost but little of its elasticity.

"Don't think me an intruder, please," said Reade; "but I heard from our friend Bell that you were warded here, and—well, the truth is," he went on, laughing, "I am the holder of a sort of commission from friends of yours in the country who are anxious for news of you, and asked me to—to look you up."

"And you've had some difficulty in finding me, eh?" smiled Arnold.

"Well, yes, it's a fact, I have," answered Reade; and they both had a laugh over it.

"You see," said Arnold, "when a man gets under the wind he doesn't much care to show his face amongst his friends—at least I don't, and—but perhaps you know pretty nearly as much as I could tell you."

"Bell and I had some talk at the club last night," said Reade, by way of reply.

"Ah! Dick's an uncommon chatterbox; but after all I'm not sorry you met him."

"Since you say that," said Reade, "I may answer that I am very glad I did. My dear Lee, I have heard most of the story, in part from the lieutenant and in part from Bell, and all I can say is that you have acted like a thorough good fellow, except," he added—"except, perhaps, during these few weeks past."

The nurse came up in her nice starched cap and bib, with a great mug of tea in her hand, and said the afternoon tea-set had gone to the

cleaner's, and asked Reade if he would take some tea.

Reade said he disliked nothing so much as a small teacup, and that tea out of a pint mug was a pleasure he had always looked forward to.

The nurse said she would fetch him some slices of thick bread-and-butter if he liked; and Gilbert replied that the caps worn by the nurses in this hospital were prettier than he had seen anywhere else.

"Have you been warded, then?" asked the nurse.

"No, but I should not mind being warded here," said Reade; and the nurse cut the bread-and-butter quite thin.

"Why do you make that exception?" asked Arnold, when this interlude, which ought never to have occurred, was over.

"You would not ask," answered Gilbert, "if you had heard lately of your friends at Three Dykes."

"They have missed me, then?" said Arnold; and looked wistfully at Reade as he spoke.

"My dear fellow, think of it! Missed you! You disappear, and leave no trace of yourself. You do not write to your friends, and you do your best to baffle every effort of theirs to find you. When a man gives his friends the go-by in this complete fashion, they sometimes hear no more of him until they recognise the description of a body fished one night out of the Thames. What was to prevent the Thames from being in the thoughts of your friends at Three Dykes all these weeks! Missed you, my dear fellow!"

"Yes," said Arnold, "yes, I ought to have sent them word before now. Have you seen them lately?"

"The lieutenant and Miss Dean were in town until a few days ago."

"Was it on my account they were here?"

"You can believe it. And they went home again none too readily, I can tell you, and with cold comfort; for after thinking they had found you a while back, you disappeared again more completely than ever."

"And you saw Miss Dean and the lieutenant a few days ago?" said Arnold after a pause.

"I saw them off for the west on Monday."

"They were well? Miss Dean was well?"

"Ah, you have not seen her since she returned from Madeira. Well, think of a rose half slain by the drought and then restored to ten times fuller life. When I left Miss Dean with my aunt at Madeira, on my way to the Cape, I wondered whether I should ever see her again; I wonder now how I could have so wondered."

There was a suggestion in Reade's tones of emotion kept under by an effort. Arnold stole a glance at him and thought he could not be mistaken. A jealous pang shot through him. The man spoke with ardour; what right had he to do so?

"I called at Madeira again on my way home from the Cape," said Reade, "and my aunt, Mrs. Warren, was good enough to invite me to remain there for a while. We had some pleasant expeditions, and I was able to show Miss Dean a good deal of the island."

"It was very kind of you," said Arnold. "You remained with them some time?"

"I brought them home again to England."

Arnold felt puzzled and uncomfortable. Perhaps Gilbert perceived some sudden small change in his manner, for he went on:

"Miss Dean and I became capital friends in Madeira, and she was kind enough to say, when we bade good-bye the other day, that she hoped we should remain so. I'll let you into a secret, Lee. It is from Miss Dean that I hold this little commission I spoke to you of. Oh yes, you will find Miss Dean a great deal better."

Arnold silently put out his hand, and the other took it and grasped it; and two men who had been rivals became strong friends from that hour.

"And now," said Reade, when he rose to go, "I have a pleasant business to put in hand; I am going to send our friends at Three Dykes better news than they have had for some time. I am going to tell them that I have found you, and I shall add that you will not be long in following my letter. I may say that, Lee?"

"You may," said Arnold, "and you may tell them also that you are a good fellow."

"I will tell them also that I am a good fellow," answered Reade; and as he went out of the ward the junior nurse put her nice starched cap out of the ward kitchen and made him a professional bow, which is demure though pretty.

This little lady (you will be glad to know that she was married to Mr. Browne, the dresser, at Christmas, whereby the hospital lost a good nurse) began to think there was to be no end to the people who called after Number Three, for late the same evening a lean grey man with a cast in his eye came to the ward and asked if Mr. Arnold Lee were there.

The nurse did not like the look of this person, so she told him it was neither the day nor the hour for visitors, and that Mr. Lee had been an hour or more in bed. But the grey man, who was obsequiously polite, and always looked as if he had just lost his way from the Bow Street Police Court and wanted to get back there again, assured the nurse that he had no desire to intrude on the slumbers of Mr. Lee; he was merely making the inquiry for another party.

The grey man, who will be recognised for the private inquiry agent, went back to his office in the neighbourhood of the Strand and wrote a note to Mr. Trimble; and at noon on the following day a letter from Mr. Trimble came for Arnold.

It was brief but kind. Mr. Trimble said that he had been in communication with and had seen friends of Arnold's, that some mistakes, some grave mistakes, perhaps, had been made, and that if Arnold were not well enough to call upon Mr. Trimble Mr. Trimble would call upon Arnold.

Arnold asked when he could have his discharge. They told him that in two days he might leave the hospital. On the third day he took leave of the cripples he had lodged with (but they were drawing the screen around the bed of one of them), of the nurses, the Sister, the doctor, and his good friend Mr. Browne, the dresser

(Arnold subsequently stood best man to Mr. Browne), and, quitting the hospital, called a cab, and was driven to the office of Trimble and Trimble.

He cast a curious look around, stayed a moment to receive the greetings of his old associates, wondered where Jones was, and was ushered by Master Jarvis into Mr. Trimble's sanctum.

Mr. Trimble rose from his desk immediately, and said as he came forward:

"My dear Lee, I am very glad to see you."

"And I, sir," said Arnold, "am exceedingly glad to see you."

"We ought never to have parted," said Mr. Trimble.

"It was no wish of mine that we should do so, sir," answered Arnold.

And then there not unnaturally ensued a slightly awkward pause, during which Mr. Trimble motioned Arnold to a seat.

"I have seen friends of yours, Lee," said Mr. Trimble. "I have seen Lieutenant Dean, and Miss Dean, and Mrs. Warren—a very charming young lady; Miss Dean I mean, of course, though Mrs. Warren is a lady for whom I cannot but feel great respect. I have heard the whole story, Lee, and though I still think that you might have been more candid with me, I am convinced that you acted from high and indeed noble motives, and that great injustice was done you. That injustice, however, is not irreparable. You stand here with a character unstained, for your bankruptcy—of which I think with genuine pain—has been annulled. Don't thank me, the annulling of it has been but the commonest justice."

"No, sir," answered Arnold; "it is the completest possible justice; and I thank you for it."

Mr. Trimble made a deprecatory motion with his pen, and went on:

"But I must say, Lee, that I think you have done wrong in putting it out of the power of your friends to communicate with you all these weeks. Your friends at home have suffered the keenest distress. I understand, I think, and to some extent appreciate your motives; but it was not right. Now that I have seen you I shall send a telegram to them at once. But now as to the future. You are already in actual fact reinstated in the profession. I have by me a letter from Mr. Seeling, of the firm of Seeling and White, offering you a position there similar to the one you held latterly with me. It is open to you to accept it unconditionally or not, as you please; and if you feel any unwillingness to return here, I think you could not do better than take this position. But—well, Lee, you know I am not too anxious to assist in a transfer of your services elsewhere. I am growing old, and have no son. I would propose that, instead of starting afresh in another place, you should remain with me for a year in your former position, at the end of which time we might perhaps conclude a more advantageous arrangement by your consenting to become my partner."

It need scarcely be said that this was a great deal more than Arnold had looked for, and perhaps it is not necessary to add that he showed

a proper spirit of gratitude in accepting, not Mr. Seeling's offer, but Mr. Trimble's.

"First, however," said Mr. Trimble, "you had better go down to Three Dykes and hear what your friends have to say about it. I think I may safely predict a warm welcome for you there. A very charming girl certainly; I mean Miss Dean."

You would hardly have supposed that Mr. Trimble could throw so much meaning into a glance as he did when he said this.

CHAPTER XL.—THE LETTER.

LIEUTENANT DEAN and his niece were taking some turns in their small front garden, which sloped away from the cottage, and showed you wide white fields spread to the sky, and glistening hills beyond. Fields white and hills that glistened, because the winter had come early, and whether you liked the snow or not it was there.

The lieutenant and Marian were taking some turns on the walk which the lieutenant had just cleared with the help of a broom, and I do not say that either of them thought the world more than commonly beautiful that morning, but if either did it was not Marian. For Marian was thinking that as there was snow at Three Dykes there was probably snow in London, and as she did not know what kind of shelter, if any, Arnold was furnished with, the untimely arrival of winter made her unhappy.

There was not much talk between them, for the poor lieutenant had used up all his consolatory arguments, and for a week past had been as dry as the village pump. As for Marian her looks belied the assurances of health renewed with which Gilbert had cheered Arnold over the hospital fire, and if her looks were dreary they were like her words.

They had but very lately returned home, yet to Marian it seemed an age, for no news had been received.

They walked up and down a good while in silence, until Marian felt that she must say something, and being a very natural girl, who could not speak charitably when she did not feel charitable, she said the garden looked worse under snow than in any other garb.

Now the lieutenant thought it looked better, but forbore to say so. The lieutenant's garden, in its general character, resembled the vicar's house, and the vicar's house might be compared to the lieutenant's garden. In his house the lieutenant loved method, but in his garden he liked nature to run wild; and he loved to see a rose bush straggling over a path, and a deserted corner where the gardener had let the cabbages and gooseberry bushes trespass on the province of the flowers. The vicar did not care a small alms whether his study was ever put tidy from January to December; indeed, when Ann Hanoach took in hand to reduce it to order, which she generally did in the spring, there were often some peppery words between them, ending, as like as not, in the parson's giving her a week's notice, which she

never accepted. But in the garden he was a martinet; not a twig out of place, and the lawn so closely shorn that a lean goose could not have made four bites off it. When the snow came it hid the trimness of the vicar's garden, as it did also the something less than trimness of the lieutenant's. This at any rate was the opinion of the lieutenant, but he forebore to express it, when Marian in an ungente moment gave utterance to an opposite sentiment.

The postman came in sight upon the road, and the lieutenant—I am not saying that he was looking for a chance to escape—said he would go and meet him. Marian said she would not, for the postman never brought any letters from London.

The lieutenant went down the road, and returned with a letter in his hand. He opened it as he walked, and read it through hastily. The expression of his face changed, but he said nothing.

Marian was waiting for him at the gate, and he gave the letter silently into her hand. Her colour changed as she recognised the handwriting. The lieutenant went on into the house, and left Marian alone.

She read the letter not so quietly as the lieutenant had done, for a cry escaped her lips before she had reached the first fullstop.

There is a pretty fairy tale whereof the hero is a cynical man to whom a little girl in a ragged dress gives a present of a moss rose. Lots of men, cynical and otherwise, had had moss roses given to them before, and sometimes by young ladies whose dresses were of the best fashion; but there was never a moss rose like this one. For this was a fairy rose, and, fairylike, it changed the heart of the cynical man. It brought light into his life, it filled the air with perfume, it charmed him. It made the world seem gay and habitable, he walked along smiling and smiled on, and because he could not understand the meaning of the change that had been wrought in him, he inquired of a mouse who lived with him in his lodgings, and the mouse said that this was the famous Illusion rose, every leaf of which represented a certain sum of confidence and hope, and the fairest and softest of the leaves stood for Love.

Now this letter which the lieutenant had put into Marian's hand became to her in a moment what the moss rose had become in a moment to the cynical man. It produced exactly the same effects in her heart, and what these effects were I have told you.

She went into the house with cheeks as pink as a moss rose, and a soft light beaming in her eyes. Her uncle was there, and he, too, looked very well content.

She kissed him, and asked if he forgave her, and he said that he was past the age when his little niece need ask forgiveness of him for anything.

"Uncle Lemuel," said Marian, "you want a new coat, and you must have one."

"I have worn this for ten years," replied the lieutenant, "and the tailor is dead who made it."

"There are always plenty of tailors," said

Marian, "and you must have a new coat, Uncle Lemuel, at Christmas."

"At Christmas, my dear! Will it be at Christmas then?"

If you ask me what the lieutenant meant by "it" I cannot tell you.

Now this letter was written by Gilbert Reade on the night before he went to see Arnold at the Central Hospital. It merely said that he had at last, to a certainty, found Arnold, and that he was going to see him that night.

Before post time that evening Marian sat down and wrote a long letter to Gilbert. It was such a letter as a true and open-hearted girl writes to a man who has deeply benefited her, whom she trusts absolutely, and for whom she feels such love as all but her chosen lover should envy. Need it be said that Gilbert's eyes were the only ones, save hers, which ever read or ever will read that letter. It became to Gilbert the dearest thing he had, and for him its value was never excelled. Marian and he did not meet again until Gilbert's hair and beard were tinged with grey, but time nor space affects not a friendship such as theirs.

CHAPTER XLII.—THERE WAS A FINE MOON THAT NIGHT.

ON the day following a second letter was received from Reade. He had seen Arnold, and gave a full account of his interview with him at the hospital. He added that he believed Arnold would be with his friends in time to make the letter he was posting of no great interest.

They waited at home two days, and three, but Arnold had not come.

Marian asked a little petulantly what this should mean, and the lieutenant, who knew there could be no real cause for anxiety now, said he did not know, but that as Arnold had but lately quitted a sick-bed he was no doubt acting under medical orders.

And the lieutenant, as we have seen, was quite right. It was not until the third day from Reade's visit that Arnold saw Mr. Trimble. Mr. Trimble had said to him when he was leaving, "I shall telegraph to your friends to expect you immediately."

"Very well, sir," said Arnold; "I hope to be able to go down to-morrow."

He wrote to Reade, who met him at the station the next day. There was a quarter of an hour to wait for the train, and they spent it in close and intimate talk. Arnold learned then for the first time what part Gilbert had played in the small drama just drawing to a close.

"But for you, and these lucky misfortunes of yours, old fellow," laughed Reade, "I think I might have won her."

Arnold looked at the handsome face and brave figure of the man, and thought that fortune had been more than kind to him, and a good deal less than kind to Reade. *Il y en a toujours un autre*, and Arnold wondered how it came that he and not Gilbert had been chosen the "other."

"Well, jump in," said Reade—"unless you

want to send me down in your place. What a welcome I should get, eh! What am I going to do? Oh, I may take a trip somewhere next week. Look to hear of me in a month or two amongst the Gambodians or Kamschatkans. Good-bye, and a pleasant ending to your journey."

They had but time to grip hands, and the train moved on out of the station. But Reade's face, kindled and glowing with the fine, unselfish sympathy of his noble nature, haunted Arnold during a good half of his journey. Then he lay back in the carriage and surrendered himself to strange thoughts and feelings in which there was neither shape nor order.

He was returning to his friends a rehabilitated man. He had kept the bond he had made with himself, which was that he would not see them again until he could do so with character and fortune restored. The magician who dwelt (from ten to five, Sundays excepted) in Bedford Row and summoned his genie with a silver hand-bell had helped him to both these ends, and that in so brief a space of time that Arnold was still three parts lost in wonder at the suddenness and completeness of the transformation. He hardly believed in himself or his happiness; all that had happened in the last two or three days was more difficult to realise than the changing features of the scenes through which the train was hurrying him. But stranger than anything else was the thought that in a few hours he would once more be face to face with Marian. What a tumult this made at his heart, and the words of Gilbert Reade kept singing in his ears, that it was from Marian he held that commission of his; his senses reeled for very bliss.

But in the Lover's, as in the Pilgrim's Progress, the meads and flowered paths are beset with pitfalls; there is the high sharp hill, and Doubting Castle, and the way of burrs and briers, and the place of fogs and quagmires, and the hirelings of the enemy are on the watch to harass the traveller.

Arnold's imaginings were not all rose-tinted that blissful journey. He was nursing hopes too high for fulfilment, he doubted. He recalled one of her letters from Madeira which had made him uneasy because it was kind and nothing more, and—but the young man really could not make himself unhappy, so he gave up trying.

The day wore on, and when the fast train was exchanged for the local one, the pace fell off; but Arnold, though impatient, did not grumble, he had plenty to think about. They stopped at wayside stations, and took up railroad labourers and fishwives by the dozen, but Arnold was in a generous mood, and thought that no doubt there was room for everybody. It was desperately cold, but he tightened his rug about him, and recalled with a laugh the chill nights in the attic of the Restaurant Parisien.

At length the train rounded the bend of the hill, and drew up at the little windy barn where Arnold was to alight.

A very fat man called Job, who drove a coach and had opinions about the malt-tax, stood by his horses outside the station, indulging contemptu-

ous thoughts about railway porters, and ghosts, and postmen who rode on bicycles.

When this fat man saw Arnold appear at the station door, he left off abusing in fancy the people whom he did not like, eyed him for a moment or two with an air of incredulity, and then broke out into demonstrations of welcome.

"Way, Maister Arnul', haow be yew? Haven a seed yew these twelvemonth a'most. Way, haow be yew, Maister Arnul', zur?"

And when Arnold and he had mounted to the box, and they had driven off, Job went on asking him how he did, and giving him an occasional clap on the shoulder with his great mittened hand, which you can think made Arnold feel that there was no place like home.

And then Job started to tell him of the people who had died or gone bankrupt during the year, and the landslip that had occurred on the coast, and the foot-and-mouth disease that had carried off the best of Jan Vinch's heifers, and anything else that he thought would be likely to make Arnold regret the months he had spent in London. Finally, he stopped the coach in the middle of the road to give himself room to sneeze; and when he had sneezed until the coach began to rock and the trees swayed on either side of the road, he explained that he had gatten a coold en es 'ead.

"You seem to have got a bad one, Job," said Arnold.

"Did yew iver hev any o' them venelators atap yewr 'at, Maister Arnul'?" asked Job in response.

No, Arnold said, he had never had a hat with a ventilator; and he felt surprised that at a moment like this Job could furnish no more suitable topic.

"I gatten a new 'at dree weeks ago," said Job, "an' cuden tell nohaow wut maide me zo coold atap my 'ead. A' last I vound et wis thikey there venelator zo I tuk an' clapt tu ur dree 'ankerchers inzide, bit yew zee I'd gatten the coold a'ready. I wuden wear a 'at w' venelators, Maister Arnul', ef I wis yew," concluded Job.

"Yes, Job, yes, an excellent thing a ventilator in one's hat, I am certain," answered Arnold.

But he spoke abstractedly, and it seemed as if he were not listening. At least, this is what Job thought, and it discomposed him.

The horses pounded along the snowy road, and the air was keen as a blade. Familiar landmarks were left behind on this side and that, and they drew near to home.

"How is my uncle, Job?" said Arnold, presently.

"Paas'n," answered Job; "way Paas'n Paul be a-bed, w' a zight worse coold en es 'ead nor wut I've a gatten." And Job was going on to enlarge upon the unprecedented illness of Parson Paul when Paul himself—fourteen stone ten if an ounce, with a complexion like a plum, his gun on his shoulder, and a great fat hare in his hand—made his appearance at the corner of a lane, and bellowed in amazement at sight of Arnold on top of the afternoon coach.

Now, to explain why Parson Paul was here with his gun, his hare, and his unique complexion, instead of being—where he should have been—in

bed, with a poultice; and to explain, besides, his astonishment on seeing Arnold, it is necessary to go back a step or two in the narrative.

And, first, it should be said that though Mr. Trimble had given Arnold to understand that he intended immediately to telegraph to his friends at home, he judiciously forgot to do so until within an hour or so of the time when he supposed Arnold would be at the end of his journey. Consequently, though there was a telegram for the vicar lying at the vicarage at this moment, the vicar knew nothing about it, and was totally unprepared for Arnold's arrival. No one at home, in fact, looked for him on this more than on any other day, for Arnold himself had purposely avoided writing.

About five days before this, Parson Paul had gone out to see the hunt. When Paul went a-hunting, it was not to look at the horses, nor at the gentlemen in their red coats and whisky flasks, nor at the hounds in full cry over a level field; but if he could get a glimpse of the fox it thrilled him from head to foot. He knew to a yard where Pug would break and what line he would take, and on this particular day when they were drawing a covert a mile or so from the Vicarage, Paul was hiding within twenty feet of where he knew the fox would come out, pressed against the trunk of a tree as flat as his bigness would allow. But he waited so long with a miserable wind playing all round him, that he got chilled to the bones, and in two days he had a raging cold and was sneezing great guns during all the waking hours. On the third day Ann Hanoch, with uncommon difficulty, got him to bed; for she said that if he grew worse he could not preach on Sunday, and she knew he would not let the parish hear he was kept a-bed on Sunday with a cold in his head.

On the fourth day the cold seemed as if it would settle on his chest, and he lay in bed dosing himself with anathemas, and rating the whole parish, beginning with the weathercock on the steeple, and proceeding by rank downwards, without deviation or stoppage, until he finished with the ale-house keeper, who always went poaching on Sunday morning. His gun was on the window-ledge beside him, his eye ranged over the garden and fields, and Ann Hanoch was making a horrid great poultice in the kitchen.

Presently a hungry hare crept through the hedge in the field next the garden, and came with stealthy leaps towards the shrubbery. Parson Paul was bolt upright in his bed in a twinkling, looking all round the room for his boots. He took another glance at the hare; she leaped into the shrubbery, and Parson Paul leapt out of bed.

Dressing himself as if he were late for church, he caught up the gun and let himself out; and if you had seen him going down the stairs so as not to disturb Ann Hanoch in the kitchen, you might have thought he meant mischief to his own plate-basket.

The hare scuttled as the vicar stepped into the garden, but he stalked her for a mile, and shot her just before the coach came up.

Five minutes after he had gone out, Mr. Trimble's

telegram arrived, and Ann Hanoch took it upstairs. She was a slow woman, though very well principled and not easily amazed, but she returned downstairs at some speed, holding the balusters as she went.

"Is it you, Arnold boy, is it you! And never a word to warn us!" exclaimed his uncle, when Job had reined in alongside the vicar. "Yes, it's the lad himself, as I'm a good Churchman! What, you look pale and thin, boy; no matter, we'll have you well again in a week—here's diet for you. Ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" and Paul held up the hare and shook it at him.

"But, uncle, I thought you had a terrible bad cold," laughed Arnold.

"Why, so I had, my boy, so I had. And I had a fifty-pound legacy once; but if you ask me where they are now, I don't know. Ho, ho, ho! Drive on, Job, he looks cold, poor lad; I'll be up with you at the gate. Oh, yes, I had a terrible bad—Ho, ho, ho!"

At the gate stood Ann Hanoch with a telegram in her hand and a look of alarm on her face, for she had scoured the house and garden without finding her master. But she forgot her master when she saw Arnold. She had heard that he had been ill, and was all concern for him, but asked with proper severity what business he had to be riding on the outside of a coach, with frost in the air and snow upon the ground.

He got less scolding than he deserved, though, for the vicar came up just then, and the rest of it was transferred to him. But for the hare, which he tendered as a peace offering, Parson Paul would have come off badly.

"Uncle, where are *they*?" were Arnold's first words when they were in the house.

"Ay, ay, my boy! to be sure; I'll go fetch them," said the vicar. "We'll make a night of it, I can tell you! You there, Ann Hanoch and Keturah, my servants, set on some stew or fry immediately, and let Keturah step round to John Finch for the loan of his punch-bowl, which will look well on the side-board, though we shan't need to use it."

"I must go with you, Uncle Paul, if you are going to the Vineyard," exclaimed Arnold.

But Ann Hanoch, hearing this, stepped in and put her foot down, and it added some weight to an argument, and said he should not go out a step that night, not for all the sweethearts in the parish.

Parson Paul said that if one man who was stout and growing old could go out and shoot hares with a cold in his head and on his chest, another man, who was neither stout nor old, and had had nothing worse than a low fever, could step a few hundred yards to look at his sweetheart whom he had not seen for the best part of a year. And before they had finished expounding, Keturah had done some cooking on her own account in the kitchen, and the moon had risen.

But Parson Paul and Arnold came off second best in the argument, and it ended in the vicar's starting off alone to fetch Marian and the lieutenant to the Vicarage.

Arnold was left alone, and I can't say whether

I should like to have been in his place or not, for there were so many conflicting thoughts in him, soothing and tormenting, and plaguing and comforting, and confounding and pulling him this way and that, that he himself could not have answered you plainly whether he felt himself the most miserable or the happiest of men.

There came a noise of feet crunching the gravel

when Paul saw what was taking place, or going to take place in the porch, he faced about, and pulled the lieutenant about too, and laid his hand on the sleeve of the lieutenant's coat and directed his attention to the moon, and said,

"Have you observed this moon to-night, Lem? It is a very fine moon, and worth looking at; I don't ask you to do anything else."



"HAVE YOU OBSERVED THIS MOON TO-NIGHT, LEM?"

walk, from which the snow had been swept by Keturah shortly after eight that morning, though she would have done the same any day of the week after a snow-fall.

Arnold rushed to the porch, and out of the shade of the trees which overhung the drive stepped a slender, comely figure, and a voice called him by name.

"Arnold!" it said; "Arnold!"

It was a woman's voice, and Arnold caught Marian in his arms and took her to him, and kissed her; and it seemed from the repetition of the sound as though she kissed him too.

Paul and the lieutenant were hard behind, but

He looked over his shoulder, and saw that Marian and Arnold were going into the house.

"They are going in," said Paul, still keeping his hand on the lieutenant's arm. "They would like to be alone for awhile. I dare say they would like to be alone for five minutes or so, as they have not met for nearly a year. Suffer them, my friend Lem, for they are young and you and I are old, and must console ourselves with something else. Let us console ourselves with this moon, which, as I have said, and as you can see for yourself, is a very fine moon."

But what did either of those two old men care about the moon?

VICTOR HUGO.



Victor Hugo

TO understand Victor Hugo's life is to understand the nineteenth century. When he published his poems called "Les Contemplations" he was fifty years of age, old enough to comprehend his true position in the world, and far enough away from all human flattery, for he was an exile in Guernsey. In the preface, as he frequently did, he explains the meaning of his book. He had said these poems might be called the memories of a soul. "Is this book then the life of a man? Yes, and the life of other men also. None of us has the honour of having a life to himself. My life is yours, your life is mine; you live that which I live. Take this mirror and look at yourself in it. People sometimes complain of writers who say I. Speak to us of ourselves, they cry. Alas! when I speak to you of

myself I speak to you of yourselves, how is it you do not feel it? . . . This book contains—I repeat it—the individuality of the reader as much as that of the author. *Homo sum.*"

Victor Hugo was born at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802. His father, Joseph Hugo, an officer of the first Republic, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general under Bonaparte. Like most of the leading men of the time, General Hugo was of humble origin, his father having been a carpenter at Nancy and his grandfather and great-grandfather farmers. Captain Hugo, after taking part in the Vendean war, married the daughter of a Royalist citizen at Nantes. Though Sophie Trébuchet gave a Republican her hand, she maintained the family opinions to the last. Her difficulty in so doing is somewhat explained by

the fact that, though a Legitimist in politics, she was a Voltairean in religion, whereas the Vendean war was emphatically for *altar and throne*.

Victor was the third son, and by no means wanted, as the general had set his heart on having a daughter. The new-comer was so very tiny, feeble, and ugly, that his little brother, on beholding him, cried out, "Oh! what a little animal!"

General Hugo's military duties threw the boys entirely on the care of their mother, who accordingly impressed them with her own opinions. However, they went to live with their father, first in Italy, where he was Governor of Avellino, and then in Spain, where he was Governor of Madrid. What events in the life of a child, and at such a time, and that child Victor Hugo!

As they were travelling through Italy on their way south they passed from time to time the bodies of bandits hanging from the trees. This line of phantoms made a deep impression upon him, although he was only then five years old. They found their father living in a marble palace, full of cracks caused by time and the earthquakes. Lizards hid themselves in the walls, and near the palace was a great ravine full of nut-trees, which formed a delightful playground.

Before long, however, General Hugo was called to Spain, his patron, Joseph Bonaparte, having been appointed king. The country being too unsettled, he sent his family to live in Paris. Here they had a large garden, with an old well, where, according to the boys, a salamander lived, and which they spent many an hour trying to catch. A constitutional priest, who had married, taught them, and their life was happy, as Madame Hugo was a notable worker, who had always something for them to do.

One day—Victor was seven years of age, it was at the Pantheon, and a fête—he saw Napoleon. What struck the child was not the pomp which surrounded the Emperor, nor the tall grenadiers who cleared the way, nor the acclamations of the crowd, but to see pass, amidst a flourish of trumpets, this sovereign man, mute and grave as a figure in bronze.

After a time the governor of Madrid sent for his family, and a strange journey it was. The travelling carriage was guarded by Dutch grenadiers, who were almost suffocated under great woollen cloaks and enormous hairy caps. The reception in Spain of the immigrants was disagreeable enough, but not more so than the followers of Bonaparte deserved. When the travellers came to the town in which they were to stop the night all the houses were found closed, and they had to knock twenty times at a door before any one appeared. When let in, the family had withdrawn to the farthest rooms; not even a child's voice was heard. Once they were received with apparent cordiality. They stayed some time in consequence, and, on leaving, Madame Hugo asked permission to take away a little vase she admired. It was at once put into her portmanteau. How much was she to pay? The owner professed not to understand; but at last, finding her persistent, he broke out into a volley of reproaches. All was hers; he was a slave. "What folly," he

cried, "to want to pay for a little vase, when the French were robbing them of cities and provinces!"

At Madrid they went to live in the palace of Prince Masserano. Their rooms were hung with blue damask or watered brocade, and ornamented with original drawings of Raphael and Giulio Romano, gilding, sculpture, Bohemian glass, Venetian lustres, vases from China and Japan. The children were thunderstruck by the magnificence, but Madame Hugo could not find a bedstead to sleep in; every part of the palace was swarming with vermin. However, she had to go to court, and that in robes so grand that the children no longer dared say "thee and thou." Such was the old *régime*, and such the new imperialism.

Abel Hugo became page to King Joseph, while Eugène and Victor were sent to the College of Nobles. Long empty corridors, prison-like walls, dark playgrounds; two monk-nobles acting as pedagogues, one lean, sunken-eyed, raven-beaked, but honest, the other paunchy, caressing, but doubtful; great dormitories—that in which Victor slept had a hundred and fifty beds, each with a crucifix at its head; and, to complete the perfect nobility of the house, there was a dwarf—a hump-backed man, with a red face and matted hair, clad in a red woollen waistcoat, a pair of blue plush breeches, yellow stockings, and shoes of the colour of Russian leather, whose office it was to arouse the boys in the morning by three blows on the frame of the beds. Corcovita, little humpy, will be immortalised under the name of Quasimodo.

Leaving Spain was like coming out of a tomb. At Burgos they met a procession of black and grey penitents, each wearing a cowl over his head with two holes for eyes, and carrying a long stick, at the end of which was fastened a lighted lantern; they were conducting a man to be garrotted. He was seated on an ass with his face to the tail, and was kissing a crucifix. Elsewhere the carriage passed close to a cross to which a young man's limbs were nailed. But these were mere accidents of the way; the journey itself was a long danger. All the French population was flying—a double procession of carriages, horses, mules, and asses lined the way. At the halting-places there was no place to sleep except in the carriages, and once at least some British hussars, swooping down, threw everything into disorder, the waggons containing the treasure being pillaged by soldiers of all nations.

It was the end of a ruinous game. The tide had turned, and the demoralisation was excessive. When France was invaded and the enemy marching on Paris, the Hugo boys and some young friends who had also been in Spain were playing at *bouillotte*, sometimes sitting up all night over the cards. The Allies entered Paris, and a Prussian officer and forty soldiers were quartered on Madame Hugo.

Her political opinions now stood her in good stead, and the Comte d'Artois sent her sons a decoration of the Order of the Lily. General Hugo, however, was deprived of his command;

and, one thing with another, their circumstances were greatly reduced.

Victor and his brother went to a school in Paris, where, through their experience and abilities, they soon took the lead, each of the brothers heading a moiety of the school. Victor was king of the dogs, and Eugène king of the calves. Here their dramatic talent seems first to have displayed itself, and they must have spent much time in writing plays and getting up private theatricals. Victor Hugo's first tragedy, "Zobëir, King of Egypt," was written at this time; he was then fourteen years of age, and so fervidly Legitimist that its *dénouement* was the coronation of the *rightful* sovereign. After various dramatic efforts he wrote a melodrama called "Inez de Castro," and before leaving college he composed the first draft of "Bug-Jargal." This romance, remodelled in 1825, is interesting as showing that Victor Hugo, from the beginning to the end of his literary career, a period of sixty-five years, believed in the same ideas. Royalist, Bonapartist, Orleanist, Republican, Socialist, he was from the very beginning a child of the French Revolution—a man who sympathised with the oppressed, whether it was an individual like Inez of Castile, or a race like the negroes of St. Domingo; a man who preferred justice to law, and who firmly believed that divine goodness was frequently found under forms universally despised and rejected.

Madame Hugo took a very deep interest in her son's literary efforts. At sixteen years of age he was not only a laureate at the Academy, but a prize-winner in the Jeux Floraux at Toulouse. A short time after he won the golden lily for a poem on the erection of the statue of Henri IV on the Pont Neuf, under rather touching circumstances. His mother was ill of inflammation of the lungs, and the two brothers took it in turns to sit up with her. It was Victor's turn, and in the course of the evening the invalid—a firm believer in her son's future fame—asked him if the ode was written, as the next day was the last on which it could be sent in. He confessed it was not, at which he could see she was sorely disappointed. She no sooner fell asleep than Victor set to work, and by morning was able to greet her with a complete poem, which forthwith was sent to Toulouse. At the next competition a poem having for subject "Moses on the Nile" gained him the title of *Maître-ès-jeux-floraux*.

He was now sent to the Ecole Polytechnique, but both he and his brother earnestly assured their father that a military life was not in the least their vocation. They accordingly set themselves to make a literary position, and to this end started a magazine called the "Conservateur Littéraire." Victor was so indefatigable that his work amounted to at least a third of the whole of the articles. In one poem he describes himself as "thinking with Pascal, laughing with Voltaire." One of his critiques was on Lamartine's "Premières Méditations Poétiques," in which the juvenile essayist claps the new poet on the back, crying, "Courage, young man! You are one of those whom Plato would have overwhelmed with honour and banished from the Republic." Lamartine long

after gave his first impressions of Victor Hugo. He was taken to see the "enfant sublime" by the Duc de Rohan, afterwards a cardinal, who said, "Come with me and behold a phenomenon that promises a great man for France. You will some day congratulate yourself on having seen the oak within the acorn." They arrived at a ground-floor of an obscure house at the end of a court. "A grave, melancholy mother" showed them into a low room, "at the farther end of which, either reading or writing, sat a studious youth with a fine massive head, intelligent and thoughtful."

This same Duc de Rohan was very anxious to affect Victor Hugo religiously, and induced him to agree to go to confession, but the young man rejecting the first priest to whom he was introduced as worldly, the duke took him to the Abbé de Lamennais, to whom he confessed, and who continued to exercise towards him, in the gentlest manner, the position of a father in the faith. Victor Hugo had the deepest reverence for this extraordinary man, and in 1824 wrote a glowing eulogium on his "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion." This spiritual relationship ought never to be forgotten in any attempt to explain Victor Hugo. Lamennais, as is well known, came to be a great prophet of that religion which would make the principles of the Sermon on the Mount the basis of Christian society. At the time he became confessor to Victor Hugo he was a Catholic among Catholics, but doubtless held, as did his son in the faith, the germ of those ideas which led him completely out of the Roman Church into being an ardent social revolutionary.

In the summer of 1821 Victor Hugo lost the mother he loved so well. He had lost the visible realisation of

"The love that none forgets;
The bread which God divides and multiplies;
A table ever spread where bounteous grace
To each his portion gives, to none denies."

The Hugos had been closely allied with the Fouchers. Indeed it had been a joke between the two fathers that if one had a girl and the other a boy the two should be married. Victor Hugo and Adèle Foucher actually fulfilled the paternal agreement, not, however, without its being first in the greatest danger of failing, for a coolness between the two families had sprung up, a coolness which had prevented Adèle from even knowing Madame Hugo was dead. The next day, however, she met Victor Hugo, and the want of a woman's heart on the one side, and pity on the other, cemented a mutual affection which ended ere long in marriage.

However, the young author was at this time so poor that for a whole year he lived on 700 francs (£28), the proceeds of his pamphlets and his articles in the "Conservateur." He now collected his poems and issued them in a volume, entitled, "Odes et Ballades." The book was badly printed and shabbily got up; however, it sold well, and a copy was soon bought for Louis XVIII, who read

aloud to his friends the ode addressed to himself. The Royalists were evidently delighted, for the king soon after gave the poet a pension of 1,000 francs,* and he was welcomed by Chateaubriand as his friend and future successor.

On the strength of this pension Victor Hugo married in October, 1822, being then twenty years of age. The bridegroom, whose entire capital amounted to £32, magnificently presented the bride with a wedding dress of French cashmere. A streak of tragedy crossed this simple idyll. At the wedding party Eugène Hugo was not himself; the next day it was clear that he had gone out of his mind. For eighteen years, with a short interval, this bright partner of Victor Hugo's early life and first literary efforts was the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Victor Hugo was not only associated with the Royalist and Catholic party, but, with the exception of Chateaubriand, he was its most brilliant luminary. However, the spirit of an age controls all parties, and compels all living souls to march on to the one predestined goal. Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo did not realise that at this very time they were about to commence a second revolution.

The work of the Convention had hardly gone beyond politics; literature and art, religion and social ethics, had not really been altered. The men who broke up the statues of Louis XIV worshipped to futility the Ludovician ideals in literature and art. This was perhaps the very reason why the movement for liberty in art was mostly conducted by persons who uttered sentiments of a reactionary character. But it was not by what these persons said, but by what they did, that their work must be judged. For poets to treat with contempt the rules of the Academy and the example of Corneille and Racine, for painters to set at defiance all the traditions of the *Beaux-Arts*—these were acts as revolutionary as the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and exactly of the same nature. It was of the very essence of Romanticism to prefer what was just and right to the prescribed and regulated, even though supported by every authority, ancient and modern. Thus, when the history of this century comes to be written, the Romanticist movement in France will be regarded as the second act in the great drama of the Revolution. This understood, Victor Hugo's literary career is luminous as daylight; forgotten, it becomes nothing but a blaze of fireworks.

But the battle was tremendous, and, strange to say, nearly all the champions of the political revolution were on the side of the Classics. It is difficult to conceive the fury aroused. A great number of the young Bohemians of Paris volunteered into the service of Victor Hugo, and at the time "Hernani," one of his dramas, was being performed they went down every evening to the theatre in order that they might stem the hisses with which the play was overwhelmed. These young Romanticists were revolutionaries

in dress; they wore their hair long and dishevelled, cultivated the beard and moustache—then the horror of all well-regulated minds—and adorned themselves in outrageous waistcoats. Théophile Gautier, the celebrated art-critic, particularly distinguished himself by wearing one of red satin.

A series of plays and romances, illustrating in the most startling manner liberty in art, now followed one after the other. "Hans d'Islande" (1823), one of the first of Victor Hugo's marvellous stories, was at once severely condemned and warmly praised. The new style took with the novel-reading public, and the second edition of this story was purchased for 10,000 francs; and, as if fortune was bent on winning the young author to her side, the king doubled his pension.

"Cromwell" (1827), written for Talma, was the first of Victor Hugo's dramas. "Marion Delorme" followed (1829), then "Hernani" (1830), and "Le Roi s'amuse" (1832). The revolutionary nature of the thought as well as the style appears from the fact that while "Marion Delorme," stopped by the censor under Charles X, was permitted to run its course, the new constitutional government under Louis Philippe thought it necessary to stop "Le Roi s'amuse" after the first performance. Victor Hugo commenced proceedings to compel its continuance, but the legal authorities gave judgment for the government.

Reproached by the official papers with the fact that he received a pension, he determined to resign it, in order that nothing should stand between him and that liberty of thought and action he valued above all things.

And so he now brought out his "Lucrèce Borgia" (1833), which, according to the critics, capped all his literary sins. Both "Le Roi s'amuse" and "Lucrèce Borgia" represent deformities, the one physical, the other moral; but, as in the miserable dwarf Triboulet, the poet had shown that there was something in his degraded nature still capable of elevating it—paternal affection, so Lucrèce, a monster of wickedness, had the possibilities of purification, inasmuch as she was capable of maternal love. "Marie Tudor," a play in the same vein, was also produced in 1833, "Angelo" in 1835, and "Ruy Blas" in 1838. All these plays received quite as much hissing as applause. Many people considered them to the last degree outrageous and demoralising, and no author would have persisted against such an opposition unless he had been sustained by the greatness of his aim and the belief that he was working for a principle.

To understand what that principle was it is necessary to comprehend at least Victor Hugo's two greatest works—"Nôtre Dame de Paris" (1831) and "Les Misérables" (1862)—and it will then be seen that he made it the business of his life to arouse sympathy for the pariahs and outcasts of society. Associated with the series of dramas and the great romances just mentioned, it ought to be remarked that from his very earliest years his feelings were deeply aroused by the question of capital punishment. As early as 1829 he published a sketch called "The Last Days of a Condemned Convict." It was translated in 1840 by

* The story of the pension is very pretty, but rulers are not so magnanimous as to give people pensions for offering to aid their enemies.

Sir P. Hesketh Fleetwood, and dedicated to Queen Victoria. Says Victor Hugo in his preface, "The gentle laws of Christ will penetrate at last into the Code and shine through its enactments. . . . We shall pour balm and oil where we formerly applied iron and fire; evil will be treated in charity instead of anger."

Victor Hugo knew that the gallows, as one of the great institutions of Christendom, dates from the Middle Ages, and it was in this its original setting that the hideous cruelty and widespread evil of the system it represents could be most powerfully shown forth.

Poets who have taken the Middle Ages as the treasury from whence they draw their subjects and their ideals have fastened almost entirely on those which will please a refined and wealthy society. Victor Hugo, the leader of the whole Romanticist school in France, and at the very time that he is reckoned as a Royalist and a Catholic, thinks first of all and supremely of the sorrows and sufferings of those classes whom the Middle Ages crushed into the mud. Every city then presented a visible heaven and a visible hell, of which the two central points were the cathedral and the scaffold. In "Nôtre Dame de Paris" Victor Hugo brings the two closely together, the whole story turning on their mutual relations. In the end the gallows triumphs, drawing in its fatal orbit all the most interesting characters in the book. Nôtre Dame is an exceedingly difficult book to an English reader, only to be appreciated by the literary artist or the historical student. It is open to the charge of falling into some of the worst faults of the Romantic school; a delight in portraying the ugly, the horrible, the sensual, and that with a realism calculated to do harm to those who do not constantly keep before them the aims of the author.

More of an artist than a politician, Victor Hugo had in the first character *always* been a revolutionary; in the second he had drifted with the times. Louis Philippe, as his predecessors, was personally friendly to Victor Hugo, and made him a peer of France. His new position was used to advocate the abolition of capital punishment.

While his novels and his plays are his means at this time of setting forth his sentiments as a citizen, his poems set forth his inner experiences. "Odes et Ballades" and "Les Orientales" belong to the first period of his literary life. "Feuilles d'Automne" (1831), "Les Chants du Crépuscule" (1835), "Les Voix Intérieures," suggest by their names a perpetual sadness. It is in the year the last-mentioned volume was published (1837)—the year his brother Eugène died at Charenton—that this sadness seems to have become deepest. His brother lies at peace while he remains in a world where there are so many victims, so much laughter, and so much cruelty.

Victor Hugo was not a Republican when the revolution of 1848 broke out. He was elected a member of the Assembly by the reactionists, and that only at the second attempt. His name, curiously enough, came between those of Pierre Leroux and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Once in

the Assembly, political light began slowly to dawn. At first he voted with the reactionaries, being particularly suspicious of General Cavaignac—an honest man. He made the further mistake of supporting Prince Louis Napoleon. But the expedition to Rome opened his eyes; from that moment he became a Republican, and struggled with all his might against the conspiracy forming to put France under the heels of a clerico-imperial despotism. In company with Barthelmy Saint-Hilaire, he opposed the new law of education, which put the children into the hands of the clergy. "Your law," he said to the reactionary majority, "is a law with a mask; it says one thing and does another. It may bear the aspect of liberty; it means thralldom."

He saw, as others, that the Republic was being undermined, and he asked the Assembly whether, having had a Napoleon the Great, they were now content to have a Napoleon the Little. But the terror and delusion of the times were overwhelming, and Victor Hugo had the honour of being among the first on the list whom the men of the 2nd of December determined to proscriber. When the *coup d'état* took place Victor Hugo did his best to create an actual resistance. It was in vain, and he had the utmost difficulty in escaping arrest.

He reached Brussels, and at once began to write the book, only completely published in 1877, "Histoire d'un Crime." Then he wrote "Napoleon le Petit," a work which caused such a sensation that the Belgian Government actually got a law passed to enable it to expel the author. Victor Hugo now took up his abode in Jersey, renting a house on the Marine Terrace at St. Hélier. He had sold off at a great sacrifice his furniture and collection of artistic treasures in Paris, and his income was reduced to £280.

In 1853 he produced "Les Chatiments," in which he sets forth in a most powerful manner the Nemesis that follows great crimes. He who, like Edgar Quinet, had once had a touch of the Bonapartist fever, now does his best to tear to shreds the Napoleonic legend so fatal for France. These powerful works naturally enraged the immense public whose sole standard of right is success.

When, after the Crimean War, a national welcome was given in this country to the Liberator of France, Victor Hugo asked Englishmen what would happen if a man holding power among them should, after having sworn fidelity to the constitution, break up Parliament, imprison its members, handcuff justice, strangle the press, cover London with cannon and bayonets, empty the coffers of the Bank of England into the soldiers' pockets, mitrailleuse the City, the Strand, and Regent Street, encumber the streets with the corpses of the passers-by—in a word, suppress at one blow law, liberty, justice, the nation. This address was posted on the walls of London, and the writer of this article remembers distinctly the feeling of the hour, and how completely for a moment right and wrong had exchanged places in the public mind.

On the 2nd of November, 1855, Victor Hugo

was ordered to leave the island of Jersey in consequence of his having taken sides with three exiles expelled for reproducing a letter written by Felix Pyat to the Queen. In 1859 he indignantly refused the amnesty. "When Liberty re-enters France I shall go back," he said; "but not till then."

To strangle a single man may be as great a crime as to strangle a nation—greater if the individual represent the conscience of a people, and the nation a people in whom it is dead.

In December, 1859, the news reached England that a man whose soul could no longer endure the wrongs of the negro race—John Brown, a man speaking the very language and animated by the spirit of the Puritans—was about to be hanged for an attempt to arouse the negroes to conquer liberty for themselves. Victor Hugo was in despair. He published an impassioned appeal to the American Republic beseeching it to consider the universal moral law, and not to allow under its very eyes, and nearly by its fault, the first fratricide to take place. If there is anything, he said, more frightful than Cain killing Abel it would be Washington killing Spartacus, and he declared that the murder of John Brown would end by dislocating the Union; it might, he said, consolidate slavery in Virginia, but it would overturn the whole American democracy. Two years after the prediction was realised, and the great Civil War broke out.

When the sad news arrived that his effort was unavailing, and that John Brown had actually been hanged on the 16th of December, 1859, Victor Hugo took a pencil and, with some touches of light and shade, represented a man suspended to a gallows, on whom, in the midst of the intense darkness of earth, fell the light of heaven. Underneath he wrote, "Pro Christo et sicut Christo" (For Christ and like Christ).

September 16th, 1862, saw the publication of the greatest of all Victor Hugo's works looked at from an ethical point of view. As Dante depicted the whole moral thought of the Middle Ages, as Spenser and Bunyan respectively that of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so Victor Hugo has depicted in "Les Misérables" that of the nineteenth century, the struggles of the disinherited and outlawed classes into fraternal recognition and some adequate justice. This, I venture to say, history will declare to be the characteristic of this century, and its best title to glory. All the great writers of the age are more or less imbued with this sentiment, and if I give "Les Misérables" the highest place among the great works of the age it is because it exceeds every one of its contemporaries in earnestness of purpose and in the marvellous manner in which it welds together and transfigures the great moving religious thoughts of this century.

The enthusiasm with which the book was received is shown by the fact that in a very short time there were twenty-three editions, the aggregate of the first Paris edition being fifteen thousand copies, that of Brussels twelve thousand. It was published simultaneously in Paris, Brussels, Leipzig, London, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam,

Warsaw, Pesth, and Rio Janeiro. The soldiers in the American War read it by their camp-fires, and amused themselves by calling each other by its various characters.

I should be glad to stop here, but this indefatigable writer has twenty-three years to live, and what will not a man produce in that time whose energy calls him up every morning at five o'clock?

He was now not only one of the greatest literary celebrities in Europe, but an important political character. Thus his name became necessarily mingled with the celebration of the centenary of Shakespeare in 1864, and that of Dante in 1865. In no character did he appear more frequently than that of Portia pleading for mercy. Were some Fenians about to be hanged or an Emperor about to be shot, as was the case in 1867, Victor Hugo always came forward with his appeal. One of the chief delights of his residence in Guernsey was the dinners he gave every week to poor children, who were regularly brought to his house by their mothers.

While in Guernsey he published two more romances, neither of which approach "Les Misérables" in interest. "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" (1866) is a tale inspired by a residence in the neighbourhood of the Channel. Its hero, a poor fisherman, struggles in every form with Nature, and is finally conquered. "L'Homme qui Rit" is supposed to be taken from English history. Both these books are so full of errors as to details—sometimes quite absurd—that the English reader who should commence Hugo by reading either of these works would infallibly be prejudiced. It is painful to find how great a gulf mere ignorance makes between one nation and another.

Besides these great works, this indefatigable man rendered fruitful his long exile by three different sets of poems—"Les Contemplations" (1856), the first series of "La Légende des Siècles" (1859), and "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois." The first contains the history of twenty-five years of his interior life, the two volumes respectively bearing the titles "Autrefois," "Aujourd'hui." "La Légende des Siècles" contains some of the finest things Victor Hugo has ever written. Cain trying to hide himself from the eye of conscience; the conversation of the lions concerning Daniel; Cnut, the parricide, passing into the region where it rained blood; the Toad ill-treated by human beings and mercifully pitied by an overwrought ass—are poems one is glad ever to have read.

But the long exile of nineteen years was coming to a close, and immediately after the proclamation of the Republic Victor Hugo returned to Paris, arriving there September 5th, 1871. Some interesting details of this journey have been preserved by a friend who accompanied him—his pressing to get his ticket, his waiting for the first sight of France, his meeting with some routed fugitive soldiers, his keeping a portion of the first bread he tasted, his wish to enter Paris alone and on foot, the crowds waiting for him, the procession to his lodging, and how the little speeches he had to make were all glowing with patriotism.

With his usual belief in Humanity, he made an appeal to the Germans, reminding them it was the Empire, not France, that had begun the war; but it was useless. He therefore gave himself to the work of arousing his countrymen to strain every effort to maintain the war. He elected to share with Paris the trials and dangers of the siege.

The war over, he was chosen to represent the department of the Seine in the Assembly at Bordeaux by no less than 214,169 votes. He sat with the Extreme Left. His quality as a Deputy, however, soon came to an end, for he resented so bitterly the conduct of the Assembly with reference to the election of Garibaldi that he resigned his seat. But just as he was about to return to Paris his son, Charles Hugo, died suddenly.

He went to Brussels, whither he had gone to settle his son's affairs, and while there the struggle about the Commune in Paris took place. When it was over the Belgian Minister declared his determination to prevent any of the Communists finding a refuge in Belgium. While Victor Hugo condemned vehemently the murder of the hostages, he accepted in large measure the general principles of the Communists, and he knew full well that the vast majority of them were in no wise responsible for its excesses. He accordingly wrote to the papers to say that his house at least would be open to give an asylum to those that needed it. Thus openly declared a refuge for Communists at the very moment when all who bore the name were enveloped in an exterminatory hate, Victor Hugo's residence became a mark for vengeance, and it was attacked in the night by the mob. This popular excitement was the pretext for Victor Hugo's second expulsion from Belgium.

Victor Hugo had now reached that period in life when the clouds begin to gather, and when at every turn in the road one is called to bid adieu to a friend. To follow his companions to the grave is the lot of one who lives long in this world, and Victor Hugo was now not unfrequently called to speak at interments. Thus he spoke at the grave of Madame Louis Blanc, and later on at the burial of her distinguished husband. On both these occasions what he said was marked by its religious tone and his affirmation of his faith in God and of the immortality of the soul. He spoke also at the graves of Edgar Quinet and Georges Sand. His own household had been a frequent place of mourning. His children all died before him, except one who has shared the sad fate of his brother Eugène. His daughter Leopoldine was drowned with her husband, Charles Vacquerie, five months after their marriage, during a pleasure excursion on the Seine near Rouen. Charles Hugo, as mentioned, died at Bordeaux, and in 1873 he lost his other son, François Victor.

Notwithstanding all these storms, Victor Hugo produced at the age of seventy-two another great romance. "Quatre-vingt-treize" is an episode of the Great Revolution, a truly awful book. The terrific fanaticism of the period is finely contrasted with that religious devotion to Humanity which

can never become cruel and unnatural. As a further proof of what was really the basis of Victor Hugo's creed and the inspiring thought of his life, the two deeds in this book which compel the admiration of all readers are deeds done at the voice of Humanity by men who are openly the enemies, one by a sad fate, the other the victims, of the Revolution.

When Victor Hugo represented the old Legitimist Marquis as sacrificing his life to save some little children, he attributed to him an action which he would like to have done himself, for the old poet was specially devoted to little children. A volume of poems while in Guernsey, entitled "L'Art d'être Grandpère" gives expression to this feeling.

This grandfatherly position was the one Victor Hugo came to occupy until his death in Paris, May, 1885. The whole population looked up to him very much as a large and united family regard the venerated patriarch who by an illustrious career has given all who bear his name peculiar distinction.

And yet more work. "L'Année Terrible" is a poetical souvenir of the siege, "Mes Fils" a tribute to his dead children. "Actes et Paroles: avant, pendant et depuis l'Exil" is autobiographic and historic. To develop the religious creed he held is the design of "Le Pape," where he imagines the pope in a dream realising what the true pastor ought to be. When in Paris the great historical painter J. P. Laurens showed the writer of this paper a series of etchings that he was making of various striking scenes in this work, a remarkable proof of Victor Hugo's high position in the art world. "La Pitié Suprême" appeared in 1879; it asks for pardon and pity for those who are tyrants through ignorance and false teaching. In "Religions et Religions" (1880), Victor Hugo strove to show what the religions of the world are and what they ought to be; finally, he produced "L'Ane," a long poem, in which he derides the pedantry of modern education, of much that is called learning, and generally of the ways of men.

So multiform a life, touching the world on so many sides, cannot be fully treated in the limits of an article such as this. It would require months of diligent labour and a very complete personal knowledge; even then there would be little chance of success. Posterity will finally know everything, good or bad, concerning such a man. The utmost we have attempted has been to give the best account we could from the sources at our command. There is much on which we must leave others to pass judgment. Above all we do not pretend to fathom his interior history; all we know is that he maintained to the last his faith in that aspect of Christianity, of which he was the most popular teacher. In his will he distinctly affirmed his belief in God, in prayer, and in the poor. The pauper's car, which was the central point in the most remarkable funeral of recent history, was meant to be a solemn expression of the leading thought of his life. Those who have seen as I have the shabby car, with its solitary mourner, in a city where a man's friends make a point of attending his funeral, will feel how strik-

ing a testimony such a car must have been in the midst of his final triumph.

A man, whose father had served the First Republic and the First Empire, who had had personal relations with Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe, who had struggled with General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Napoleon, who had been the most redoubtable foe of the Third Empire, who suffered nineteen years' exile, who had shared the siege of Paris, and had worked shoulder to shoulder with Louis Blanc, Gambetta, and Clemenceau; a man who had written a play for Talma and had lived to see his works performed by Sarah Bernhardt; a man who, as the acknowledged leader of the Romanticist movement, had gone through a long war, in which his victories were marked by a series of great works of art; a man who under the Restoration had shared the laurel crown with Chateaubriand, under the Orleans

monarchy with Lamartine, and under the Empire had had no rival, still maintaining his own under the Third Republic—in honouring a man with such traditions a nation simply honours itself. Victor Hugo was the impersonation of the national life of France during the nineteenth century. Was he more? I venture to think he was; I presume to think that the man who, through the greater part of this century, never ceased to do battle for the oppressed, the downtrodden, and the disinherited, who declared uniformly that justice was above law, that right was the one supreme rule—I say that the poet who has said this, and has spent all his great talents in enforcing it by artistic efforts that even his detractors must admit will assure him a place among the greatest, has done a work in which all the unhappy throughout the world may rejoice, thank God, and take courage.

RICHARD HEATH.

The Good Earl.

A TRIBUTE.

THE billow leaps and dies away,
Yet leaves a throbbing deep behind :
The sun that from our sight declined
With lingering fire prolongs the day.

So he, upon whose garnered years
The silver seal of Death is set,
To our fond hearts is living yet,
And still within our midst appears.

We cannot think that he is gone ;
We cannot see the vacant place ;
Still looks on us the aged face,
The weary eyes where pity shone.

Nor could we feel the long farewell
Till, in the dim cathedral gloom,
There crept the shadow of the tomb,
And o'er the great assembly fell.

When pale the streaks of noonday came
From weeping skies in mourning drest,
And kissed the roses on his breast,
White emblems of his spotless fame.

Till, flooding all the arches grey,
The triumph-music gathering rolled,
And, crowned with tributes more than gold,
In peace we saw him borne away.

His was a soul that shrank from sin,
But took the sinner by the hand,
And made the sliding feet to stand,
And drew the homeless wanderer in.

So good, so pure, so nobly true,
Not age itself his love could hide ;
For, ever as the mortal died,
The Christ within him daily grew.

Not dazzled by the rainbow gleams
That play about the seats of power ;
Nor drawn aside to Fortune's bower,
Where Youth goes by in slothful dreams.

But in Life's morning laying by
The trappings of indulgent ease,
Content his sovereign Lord to please,
And lift the red-cross banner high.

No tilting-field was Life to him,
Where one might ride and break a lance,
To win, perhaps, a favoured glance,
Or golden meed, when day grew dim.

But as an arduous tournament
Where many a gallant knight went down,
And high-born chiefs of old renown
Their hostile spears against him bent.

The champion of the weak and frail,
Of wronged ones crying for redress,
He saved them from their deep distress,
And made the trampled cause prevail.

Till one whose visor ne'er is raised
Bore down at last the stainless shield,
And, mute with sorrow, all the field
Upon their stricken hero gazed.

But in the lists he held so long
His spirit's presence we shall feel,
Still smiting with Ithuriel steel
The rampant crests of Fraud and Wrong.

HORACE G. GROSER.

OXFORD REVISITED.

BY CUTHBERT BEDD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN."

IF Mr. Verdant Green and his faithful friend little Mr. Bouncer were once again to find themselves in that beautiful city of Oxford, wherein they had so happily passed their three years of academic life, we might imagine Mr. Bouncer to be saying, in his peculiar vernacular, and with his wonted Oriental figurativeness of expression, "Hullo, Giglamps! here we are again; as the clown says in the pantermime. After many roving years, scenes of my youth, once more I behold you. How well the old shop looks, don't it?"

"It does indeed!" Mr. Verdant Green would probably reply. "And yet it seems somewhat changed since our old days at Brazenface. This tram-car, for example, up the middle of the High; I don't call that an improvement. Do you?"

"I should think not, my hearty!" might be the response. "To think, Giglamps, only to think that we first travelled up to Oxford on the Warwickshire coach, when Four-in-hand Fosbrooke helped to tool the tits, and your respected governor didn't fancy the terrier hunting after supposed rats in his boots! And now, the only coaches are private tutors. I don't undercumstumble it a bit. And here are tramways instead! Oh what a falling-off was there; as some cove says in Shikspur."

"From the coach to the tram, in this famous street of all others, is indeed a come-down, and degrades the City of Colleges to the level of a manufacturing town. In a street, if you meet any vehicle, it may be expected that you and it will be able to get out of each other's way; but the tram-car moves along inexorably on its jarring metalled line. It certainly is not so picturesque a sight as was the four-horse coach that brought us to the door of the Mitre, when you carolled your song about the Freshman so modest."

"Well, Giglamps, old feller, you were slightly fresh in those days, and you gave Charley Larkins and myself something to do to take it out of you."

"Yes, those were my salad days."

"I don't know about the salad, but the green was very visible to the naked eye, and refreshing in its sweet innocence. But we had a high old time of it, and got a scrumptious lot of fun out of it, didn't we, Giglamps?"

"I certainly enjoyed my college life very much, and it was of the greatest service to me in making me a more useful member of society than I should otherwise have been."

"The *emollit mores*, and all that. You remember the Town and Gown row, don't you, and how Billy Blades rescued you from the heavy-fisted bargee? But, of course, all that is changed, and nowadays they don't require the Putney Pet's aid to clear the streets of the *hoi polloi*; nor do the men ever misbehave themselves at theatricals and public entertainments; oh no! of course not. *Vides ne*

puer—d'ye twig, young'un? But here we are at the Mitre."

We might imagine little Mr. Bouncer to be thus addressing his old friend when they recently revisited Oxford, but the faithfulness required of the historian compels me to say that Mr. Bouncer has laid aside his peculiar vernacular, and has cast his olden Oriental figurativeness to the winds; and when he opens his lips he speaks much after the manner of other gentlemen in his station of life. His sentiments might be as they have been here set down, but they would have been conveyed in different language. His old vernacular was laid aside with his post-horn, which long since ceased to sound its octaves, or go the complete unicorn. Years ago his faithful friends Huz and Buz had departed this life, and Mr. Bouncer himself is a pleasantly-sedate, bald-headed gentleman, a county magistrate, and brother-in-law both to Verdant Green and Charles Larkyns. Besides this, which is an important factor in his visit to Oxford, he has given hostages to fortune who, in their turn, have come up with their cousins from public schools to Oxford, though not to repeat with exactitude the adventures and sayings and doings of their respective and respected parents.

Indeed, it would hardly be possible for them to do so; for the manners that made the man, especially the Freshman, of those days of a bygone generation of undergraduates, have now become greatly altered. The shy yet confiding, ignorant, innocent, credulous, and simple-minded Freshman of the Verdant Green type is probably as dead as the Dodo. Such a Freshman as Mr. Verdant Green would be almost an impossibility at the present day, when railways have revolutionised so many of the manners and customs of a past generation. Nowadays public school-boys get, in a measure, prematurely initiated into the customs of the Universities by being sent up to them to try for scholarships, so that when actual residence begins at Oxford or Cambridge, as a Freshman or Fresher, the whilom public school-boy does not feel so all-abroad as did Verdant Green when his father left the Mitre to return to the Manor Green by the Warwickshire coach, and the utterly inexperienced Freshman, whose education had been restricted to his own home, who had been brought up with his sisters in habits of tame-rabbit keeping, and whose knowledge of the world was necessarily limited, found himself for the first time an occupant of college rooms, thrown upon his own poor resources, with an astute scout, Mr. Robert Filcher, to take every advantage of him, and an artful bed-maker, Mrs. Tester, to impose upon his weakness and good-nature.

Such a Freshman could scarcely be revived nowadays. Things have altered; the old order has changed—it is to be hoped for the better

Yet some old-fashioned fogies, recalling the stirring scenes of their undergraduate days in the distant, but not dim, past, are disposed to sigh over the times that are changed and the men with them. The Rural Dean, once a College Don, when he comes up from his country rectory to revisit Oxford, can scarcely recognise what appear to him to be the degenerate customs of the Common-room at Brazenface, especially as to time devoted to after-dinner wine and the consumption of old port. The Buttery ale, too, for which that college had once a deserved reputation—and which, on Mr. Bouncer's authority, was "the stuff to make your hair curl, my tea-cake!"—appears, to the Ruridecanal visitor, to have also gone somewhat out of fashion before the rival attractions of bottled Bass and Allsop. Yet, even admitting in one's heart of hearts any supposed deterioration from the habits and customs of a bygone age, it is particularly agreeable for fathers who have sons at the University to make that an excuse for revisiting the spot, and renewing their youth by dining in Hall—with breakfasts and luncheons in various men's rooms—reading the papers in the Union—attending at the bump-races—"wining" in the Common-room, or with your son and his friends—and possibly ending the day in some innocent amusement.

Then there are the womenkind of the family—the mothers, with "the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts"—who come up to Oxford, usually for the Commemoration, in June, when Oxford holds its annual carnival, from the Sunday show in the Broad Walk to the Masonic Fête and University Ball, and the mingled farce and solemnity of the Encœnia, some proceedings in which are enough to make the hairs of the pious founders and benefactors stand on end with amazement and righteous wrath. Such visitors, at the present day, will find notable changes in the proceedings in the Theatre to those that existed in the time of Verdant Green, or in the later period of Tom Brown and Faucit of Balliol. The superlative adjectives of the Public Orator are, indeed, still received much in the same style as that in which the "et Travers-Twissimus" was interpolated by a happy-thought undergraduate when the fair Princess of Wales graced the Theatre with her presence; but the wild spirits of the gallery have been curbed and subdued. Admission to that upper region is now regulated by tickets as to a select concert-room; and feminine charms are no longer kept to the lower circle, but appear upstairs, side by side with the gownsmen. The pit is much as usual, and a red-tied occupant would call down upon his devoted head as great a storm as in olden days. But a good deal "of the fun of the fair" has evaporated, since that memorable occasion when Mr. Verdant Green was seated in the rostrum to prompt his friend, Charles Larkyns, in the delivery of the Newdigate prize poem; and, in this present year of grace, "the young barbarians"—as Matthew Arnold termed them—seemed to be not so irrepressible as of old.

In fact, the proceedings of the Encœnia of 1885 were as dull as ditch-water, so far as the wit and humour of the gallery went. The charm-

ing young ladies who sat side by side with their University friends and lovers, seemed to act as dampers and wet blankets on the sparks of wit that usually characterised the mirthful exuberance of "the gods." It is true that there were the customary cheers and groans for the political heroes of the day—for the Proctors, and the Doctors, and the new Bishop of Lincoln, and others; and Lord Alcester in searching for his seat below was directed, from the gallery, to "starboard his helm!" and Mr. Merry, the Public Orator, made merry with the admission of ladies into the studious halls of learning, and said, that though the fair ones were the delight of our eyes and the solace of our hearts, yet, that they were the ruin of our studies (*studiorum pernicies*). But all these quasi-compliments and pretty speeches were delivered in Latin; and "jests and youthful jollity, quips and cranks," go off as damp fireworks when given in a tongue not understood of the people. And although Mr. Merry, with prophetic eye, espied the academical victories of the coming "bright girl-graduates with their golden hair," yet, as his description was given in Latin, elegant but solemn, a decorous dullness pervaded that upper gallery over which so much light-hearted merriment was wont to reign. The embryo barristers, parsons, physicians, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, and country squires, seemed to be taking their pleasure sadly, though, doubtless, in after years, they will look back upon "Commem." week as one of the brightest in their golden youth. And when they, in their turn, come in middle age to revisit Oxford, they will possibly see as many changes there as are to be seen now when compared with the days of Verdant Green.

For when he and his friend Mr. Bouncer recently found themselves once more "doing the High," they noted various novelties as they wandered to and fro in their old haunts. They saw many more ladies than were to be seen formerly, not only in the streets, but in the college gardens and walks, and even on the sacred turf of the quads—which in itself is a change for the better, and is suggestive of humanising influence. Fellows are now permitted to marry,* and if perambulators, filled with babies and wheeled by smirking nursemaids, are now allowed to appear in solemn cloisters, it is to be hoped that the pious founders and benefactors will accept the altered situation and that their bones will rest in peace. In addition to the feminine costumes, not only is more colour introduced into the quads by the gay flower-boxes in the men's windows, but those men themselves, when off duty, and not clad in those "garments of subfusc hue" demanded by the obsolete Statutes, appear, as gorgeous spots of moving colour, in flannels and blazers, and other glorified garments, decorated

* In "Punch," June 20th, 1857, appeared a poem, "Ye most pleasant dream of Cœlebs," by Cambridge Fellow, wherein this subject is treated; and Tenniel's illustration thereto shewed the married Fellows walking in the quads with their wives, while nursemaids followed with babies in perambulators. The authorship of this poem was attributed to Mr. Tom Taylor, Fellow of Trinity, who was then on the staff of "Punch," and was afterwards its editor. But I also was at that time contributing to "Punch," both with pen and pencil, and the poem in question was my composition. I may, therefore, here take the opportunity to claim it "as a poor thing, but my own."—CUTHBERT BRUCE.

with college arms, badges, and other devices, and in more hues than those of the rainbow. They wander, in fact, like fragmentary rainbows amid the sober shadows of grey college walls, or in the chequered shade of the new avenue from Christ Church to the Barges, which, though at first scouted as a walk that cut up the meadow, is a grand improvement and has been well carried out. Backed up by the new buildings—that replace the old and ruinous Fell buildings, and form a suitable memorial to Dean Liddell—this new offshoot of the grand old Broad Walk will, in a few years hence, compete in picturesqueness with some of the river walks and avenues in the Cambridge "backs," which, as yet, are unrivalled in the sister University of Oxford. The old Broad Walk leading to the Cherwell has lost some of its huge and venerable elms, but their regretted spaces have been taken by younger and, it is to be hoped, vigorous successors; so that future pacers of that well-known avenue will be able to quote the poet and say:

"Duly at noon and eve, with constant feet,
To pace the long, fair avenue be mine,
A natural cloister; when dear June divine
Crowds with her music the green arches high;
Or when the hale October's passing sigh
Rains down the brown and gold of autumn leaves,
While every breath i' the quivering branches weaves
A trellis of their shadows soft and fleet;
Or, later, when the mist's long, dewy arm
Creeping, dun twilight, from the river shore,
Clothes the live oriel, not without a charm
Of sombre drapery: so, evermore,
A shrine it seems where one may fitliest raise
A morn and even-song of prayer and praise."

Then the College Barges and the House-boats are more numerous and better equipped than in Verdant Green's days, some of them being floating clubs, fitted up with luxurious reading and writing rooms; and there is the new University Boat-house, and Clasper's Boating House, and the University Bathing-place, and other improvements on a previous generation.

It is true that the present approach to Oxford from the Great Western Station is unfortunate, and a great falling-off from the old approaches to the City of Colleges, whether by the coach-road from Blenheim through the pleasant boulevard of St. Giles, or that other coach-road over Magdalen Bridge and up the stream-like windings of the High. But as you cross Folly Bridge you see the Isis and its well-known surroundings much as they were in your own undergraduate days; and there is the beautiful river, flowing on through the same green meadows and smiling landscape, with its broad stream narrowing at the tortuous Gut, where Verdant Green placidly plashed in his tub until he was run down by the University Eight, and gallantly rescued from the water by little Mr. Bouncer. And the Cherwell, too, is there, with its water-lilies and overshadowing trees, under which Verdant Green can still fancy himself lying on his back in a moored punt reading the last new novel. Whiffs and dingeys

have come up since then, and so have canoes, which flit like fireflies in the water, but are very risky vessels, and have already caused many sad fatalities. It is not every canoeer who is a "Rob Roy" MacGregor, and who can get into and out of his rickety boat without a capsize.

Lawn-tennis, too, had come up since Verdant Green's time; and, for the matter of that, so had croquet, which had its brief day and then gave way to its more athletic rival. Among the many advantages of lawn-tennis, it makes men better acquainted with their own college gardens, which in former days were often but little frequented. Besides rackets and tennis, for which there are clubs, there is polo, which is also a novelty, and the riding of bicycles and tricycles, for which the new University Ground on the Iffley Road provides an excellent cinder-path, which is also used for the inter-University sports. Then there are the University Rifle Volunteers, in which Verdant Green and his friends never had a chance of enlisting, because, like the Spanish fleet in "The Critic," the O. U. R. V. C. was "not yet in sight."

The present educational course, too, from Responsions, through Mods, to Greats, was something new to our old friends—the Mods being a special puzzle to them; though, as Mr. Bouncer declared that his brains had been addled by drinking too much pap when he was a baby, it was not a subject for surprise that the Examinations through which he had failed to pass were a mystery unto him. "I say, Giglamps," said the little gentleman, "wasn't I in a blue funk when I went in for my Smalls, and came out as the Oxford Plough'd Boy—singing,—chorus, gents!

I am plough'd, I am plough'd, and the second time, too!
I've got no Testamur; what am I to do?
Off, off with my bands, and off, off, with my tie,
I am plough'd, I am plough'd, and I cannot tell why.

Yes, but I can tell why. It was all through those beastly second Aorists."

With their memories of the classical old schools and the so-called "Pig Market," they were somewhat surprised to discover, in the High Street, a very considerable block of barrack-like buildings, erected at an expense of upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, for the various purposes required by Oxford examiners of the present day. They did not doubt the convenience of these buildings both for examiners and examinees; "but," said Verdant, "I can't admire them." "No more does Mr. Ruskin," chimed in his friend. In fact, there were various new buildings in Oxford that had been disturbing Mr. Ruskin's peace of mind; and when he revisited Oxford on November the 29th, 1884, to give, as Slade Professor of the Fine Arts, a lecture on "Birds, and how to paint them," he thus liberated his spirit: "I have scarcely any heart to address you to-day," he said to the unusually large audience that had thronged to listen to his words, "so terrified am I, and so subdued, by the changes in Oxford which have taken place even since first I accepted this Professorship, and

which are directly calculated to paralyse all my efforts to be useful in it. I need scarcely tell any of my pupils that my own art-teaching has been exclusively founded on the hope of getting people to enjoy country life, and to care for its simple pleasures and modest employments. But I find now that the ideal in the minds of all young people, however amiable and well-meaning, is to marry as soon as possible, and then to live in the most fashionable part of the largest town they can afford to compete with the rich inhabitants of, in the largest house they can strain their incomes to the rent of, with the water laid on at the top, the gas at the bottom, huge plate-glass windows out of which they may look uninterruptedly at a brick wall, a drawing-room on the scale of Buckingham Palace with Birmingham fittings, and patent everything going of themselves everywhere—with, for all intellectual aids to felicity, a few bad prints, a few dirty and foolish books, and a quantity of photographs of the people they know, or of any passing celebrities. This is the present ideal of English life, without exception, for the middle classes—and a more miserable, contemptible, or criminal one was never formed by any nation made under the wondering stars. It implies perpetual anxiety, lazy and unjustifiable pride, innumerable petty vexations, daily more poignant greed for money, and the tyrannous compulsion of the labouring poor into every form of misery; and it implies, further, total ignorance of all the real honour of human life and beauty of the visible world. I felt all this borne in upon me, almost to the point of making me give up all further effort here in England and going away to die among the Alps, when I walked early this week across what were once fields but are now platforms of mud and bitumen, to what we used to call the 'Happy Valley,' and scenes by Ferry Hinksey (but 'in the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same,') of my former endeavour to get some undergraduates to useful country labour. Every beautiful view, either of Oxford or from it, is now scarified and blasted by the detestable conditions of labour, which always mean that a company or a capitalist are ruining either themselves or somebody else. There was not an old path to be trodden, or an old memory to be traced, except where the discouraged and desperate cottagers here and there maintained still a rugged fence, or let run a half-choked ditch round the melancholy yards or gardens which they could still call their own." This is a somewhat lengthy quotation, but it is very characteristic of the eminent man who uttered these words before a select Oxford audience, as the impression of his mind on revisiting Oxford within the past twelve months.

There were many other new buildings that had arisen in Oxford since the days of Mr. Verdant Green. The entire neighbourhood of the Parks was greatly changed. Besides the large pile of the University Museum there was Keble College, with its uncompromising brickiness of exterior and glittering gorgeousness of interior, and, not far from it, Charsley's Hall, which, with Turrell's Hall, offers a place where men can be conveniently coached for their Responsions. Then, from the

Parks road, there is a view of the hideous tower of the new Indian Institute, the Oriental treatment of which, on its Broad Street front, is altogether out of harmony and keeping with its surroundings, and the stony Cæsars across the road may well look aghast at the daring innovation. The new buildings at Merton can scarcely be considered in the light of an improvement to the picturesqueness of that college, but the new buildings at Magdalen are to be commended, albeit their erection unfortunately necessitated the destruction of the row of noble trees that tended so greatly to enhance the charm of the view of High Street, as seen from Magdalen Bridge. The battle of that bridge has been fought, and the tram-carrists have won their victory, and have altered and widened the classic structure to meet the demands of their "vehicular traffic." Then there is the water-walk from the Parks and Mesopotamia, its extension barred by the Magdalen Fellows. And there is the south front and tower of Balliol, with Butterfield's Chapel, and many more novelties and changes—not forgetting the two new Halls for Ladies, Lady Margaret and Somerville, doing for Oxford the work that Girton and Newnham do for Cambridge; and Wycliffe Hall for theological students, in friendly rivalry with that of Ridley at Cambridge.

University men may come, and University men may go, and Freshmen may advance to Bachelors and Masters of Arts, and Fellows of their Colleges, and may marry and send up another generation, both of sons and daughters, to the dear old place, and then, on revisiting it, see, as did Mr. Verdant Green and little Mr. Bouncer, all kinds of changes which, according to their temperament and position, they may or may not deem to be improvements on what existed in their own college days. To regard those days as devoted to the acquirement of learning is to look at them from one point of view, and it is another to recognise them as a period when youth was trained for the manifold duties of life. The blending of the two views, from slightly diverging points, produces a well-rounded stereoscopic effect of a college career.

To revisit one's University after many years' absence must always be a matter of deep interest, even to the most frivolous-minded; the sight of the well-remembered scenes of youth must awaken mingled memories of pain and pleasure—pain that opportunities were wasted or not made the most of—pleasure at recalling old friends and old scenes, and old associations. Ingoldsby's epigram was this:

"What Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces

Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!

Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!"

And we sigh "as we murmur *O mihi præteritos!*" But, whatever may be the fortune of their after-career, Oxford men will always delight to revisit Oxford, where not even the prosaic tram-car can altogether destroy the poetical charm of "the streamlike windings of that glorious street." Oxford still remains what it has ever been—a Queen of Cities and a City of Palaces.

FOOD FOR HUNGRY SCHOLARS.

THERE has been much discussion at different times both in public papers and in School Boards as to the possibility of the half-starved children of the very poor being able to earn at least one meal a day by their labour. It seems still to be thought an unsolved problem.

Now this problem was solved more than forty years ago in Aberdeen in Sheriff Watson's day industrial schools, where the children not only earned one meal a day but fully two meals at the rate of a penny each; the price that many practical persons have proved to be sufficient to cover expenses if the recipients are at all numerous.

The circumstances of the schools were somewhat different from those of the present Board Schools. They were entirely composed of the children of the lowest class of the people of Aberdeen, such as, until the day when the police were ordered to bring these children before Sheriff Watson, had lived by beggary and petty thefts, often sleeping at night on the "common stair."

The children were told that no more begging would be allowed, but that a good school was ready for them, where they would learn not only to read and write but useful employments, and how to earn money. They were also told that they would have good wholesome food.

Almost all the children gladly accepted the invitation, and the school (an old warehouse) was opened the next morning at seven o'clock.

The children's ages varied from four years to thirteen; and it was found that their average earnings might be reckoned at one shilling per head per week.

The children did not sleep at the school, but returned to their homes at seven or eight in the evening, as Sheriff Watson was averse to breaking the family ties.

The day was divided between schooling, industrial work, and play. The children were taught to mend their own clothes, to patch their shoes, to knit stockings, to chop wood, and to make nets.

Those children who showed aptitude for particular kinds of work were easily placed, when at a proper age, with tailors, shoemakers, and others.

The school inspector reported well of the general intelligence of the children, of their reading, writing, and spelling, and of their knowledge of the geography of their own country (Scotland), together with the characteristic manufactures and products of each town or district.

The founders of the schools, Sheriff Watson and Mr. Thomson of Banchory, considering that many of the lads would be employed by the farmers, thought it would be wise to give them a little knowledge of rocks and soils, so the boys were encouraged to bring to school a specimen of every kind of rock or earth they could find till, with a little help from their instructors, a very

practical, though small, geological collection was placed by the boys in due order on the rough shelves of the warehouse.

Simple lessons were given on these substances and on their uses in agriculture and in manufactures.

A small museum of natural history was formed in the same manner, of shells, birds, and small animals; the powers of observation in the children rapidly increasing under this kind of instruction.

The founders of the schools gave the children three meals a day and two on Sunday. The food consisted of porridge and treacle, oat cake, Scotch broth, barley broth, potatoes, and milk.

The cost was fifteen pence a week per head, but probably when the price of food rose it might be a little higher.

The girls' school was in a neat moderate-sized house with a small garden attached to it.

The work was chiefly needlework and knitting, house-cleaning, washing, and garden work.

When the present writer saw these schools in 1846 in company with Mr. Frederic Hill, then Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, the boys were very tidy, with neatly-patched clothes, clean, rosy faces, and cut hair; but no pains can make an old cloth jacket look as clean and as bright as a girl's coloured cotton frock newly washed.

In the girls' school it was scarcely possible to believe that these neat little children, with polished hair, clean frocks, and pincloths, sewing so diligently, could have been rescued from the worst population of the city; but while we were wondering and admiring, a little wretched ragged girl came in as a new scholar. Her hair stood out many inches from her head in one great tangle, and her skin was as dirty as her frock. The schoolmistress spoke kindly to her, and told her to go into a side room, where a woman (kept to assist in manual work and to teach housework) would give her a warm bath and lend her a nice wrapping-gown to wear while all her clothes were washed and dried, a work which was done very rapidly. When the child returned to the schoolroom the mistress looked into her great bag of pieces to find some that were suitable to mend the little girl's frock. The child was put under the superintendence of an elder girl, who fixed the patches for her and showed her how to sew, and in this first lesson helped her largely. The child went home that night a different creature in appearance, and she as well as her parents must have felt the value of the school.

One of the excellent objects of the founders of the institution was to act upon the parents as well as on the children. Once every month they were invited to hear the children sing and repeat poetry, Bible stories and texts, and to look at their writing, sums, and needlework. On Sunday the children passed part of the day at the school, attending a short service. The parents were in-

vited to this service, and many came who never entered a church.

Once or twice in the summer the parents were invited to a little treat, given by the children themselves, of tea, bread-and-butter, and lettuces and radishes grown in their own little gardens.

Many interesting anecdotes were told us of children then present. One little girl on her return to her poor home entreated her mother to allow her to scour the dirty floor, and never would go to bed till she had made things tidy, so that at last the mother imitated the child and became industrious herself.

Another child was entrusted with a parcel of linen, made up at the school, to carry to a lady who had ordered the work, and she was to receive eight shillings payment and to bring the money safely back to the schoolmistress. When the lady was counting out the money, after praising the work and saying a few kind words to the child, she was surprised to see her burst into tears. On inquiring the cause, the child could at first only sob and exclaim, "I was only

minding the differ." And then she explained that only the year before she had begged of that lady's servant to give her a "bawbee." The servant had found her at the stone stairhead early in the morning, where she had been sleeping all night, and had driven her away with hard words, and now she was never hungry, and the lady herself was trusting her with "all that siller."

The result of all this mixture of industrial and school work was soon apparent. There were more demands for these children by the tradesmen and farmers than there were children of a suitable age to enter service. The parents in many instances led a better life, juvenile crime was much diminished, and the artisans of Aberdeen, feeling, as they said, the great benefit to their own families of the withdrawal of this dangerous class from the streets, presented the school fund with £200.

All these advantages were obtained after deducting the value of the labour of the children at the cost of about five pounds a year per head.

MARTHA HILL.



THE CAVALIER.

AUNT BOBBLETON'S MATCH-MAKING.



A SECOND CECILIA.

FIVE o'clock, and in the cosy drawing-room of Homecroft a tempting fragrance of orange pekoe and souchong. It was the hour for afternoon tea, and at the spindle-legged table, laden with the pretty tête-à-tête service, sat a portly matron, in a crimson gown much bedecked with lace, and a cap which seemed designed to represent a horticultural show on a small scale; while near her another lady toyed with the June roses peeping in at the window. The latter made a pretty picture as she sat with the sunshine falling on her wavy hair. She was young and winsome, with the bright eyes and clear complexion

which often form the birthright of our English maidens. Only so many of the said maidens have no other birthright, while Kitty Fanshawe possessed a tolerably substantial one in the shape of Homecroft and its goodly acres. And here she lived a happy life with her aunt, Mrs. Bobbleton, the lady presiding at the tea-table, whose ample proportions, if they did not enshrine much wisdom, at least sheltered a well-meaning and kindly heart.

The "cup that cheers" remained as yet untasted, Mrs. Bobbleton having apparently mislaid some article indispensable just then to her

peace of mind, while Kitty had lost herself in reflections that seemed alike puzzling and absorbing. But the reverie, if profound, did not last long, and Aunt Bobbleton was still peering about among the teacups and under the plates, when her niece sprang up, crying, "Eureka! I have it!"

"That's a comfort!" said Mrs. Bobbleton. "Where?"

"Here!" And Kitty tapped her short golden curls vigorously. "Here, aunty, in my head."

"What does the child mean?" said Mrs. Bobbleton, testily. "How can my eye-glass be in your head?"

"It is not," replied Kitty; "but I've got an idea."

"I wish it had been my *pincenez*," sighed the matron.

"What a reflection on ideas in general, and mine in particular!" laughed Kitty.

"I wanted," continued Mrs. Bobbleton, turning to the paper she held in her hand, "to find that paragraph about Sir Ronald. Ah! here it is. Just listen to this: 'We have good reason to believe that Sir Ronald Griffin intends ere long to return from his travels, and that Grey Court will again be the scene of open-handed hospitality, and take its proper position as one of the foremost of our country seats.' There's news, Kitty! It will make quite a stir, I suppose; and all you young ladies will be setting your caps at him."

"I hope not, for the credit of the young ladies," said Kitty, rather shortly.

"I do not see that it would be anything to their discredit," declared Mrs. Bobbleton. "It is a woman's duty to settle well if she can; and this would be an admirable match for any girl. I'm sure I only wish you could secure him," added the good lady, much as if she were speaking of a prize salmon or some other species of prey that required special skill for its capture.

But Kitty rose with flaming cheeks and scornful eyes.

"Aunt Bobbleton," said she, "how can you talk like that? I would not so much as lift my finger to make Sir Ronald notice me. Indeed I should not care to marry any one so much above me in rank, for after all my father was only a farmer."

"A gentleman farmer," corrected the elder lady. "Well, my dear, I know you have Quixotic notions. I dare say you will end by marrying some one without a penny to call his own." And Mrs. Bobbleton poured out a cup of tea, and drank it as if to fortify herself against this possible catastrophe.

"Not I," said Kitty, laughter again dimpling her cheeks. "You may be quite sure, aunt, I shall never want to marry a poor man. I've enough sense for that, I hope."

"I don't think sense has much to do with it," said Mrs. Bobbleton, rather taken aback by Kitty's unexpected acquiescence on this point, but determined not to be foiled in administering a rebuke somehow. "One cannot help one's feelings, I suppose—I know I couldn't when poor Bobbleton proposed—and, indeed, I should be sorry to ima-

gine that real worth would have no charm in your eyes, my love, simply because it happened to be unaccompanied by wealth."

"Well, auntie, if real worth, accompanied with poverty, ever comes in my way, I will try then to look upon it with more favourable eyes and less mercenary feelings," said Kitty, mischievously.

To this demure speech, however, Mrs. Bobbleton made no reply, but sipped her tea in silence.

"By-the-by," resumed Kitty, when she had eaten half a dozen strawberries, and divided a macaroon between Floss the Skye-terrier and Queenie the parrot, "I never told you my idea. You know I have been wondering how to help the poor Thorntons without hurting their feelings."

"Poor people," said Mrs. Bobbleton, sententially, "have no business with feelings; except of course feelings of gratitude towards those who aid them. I consider it a Christian duty to relieve distress, but if folks are so proud that they cannot receive a kindness without pretending it hurts their feelings, I say—fiddlesticks!"

"So do I," said Kitty, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes; "only in this case I add the fiddle also. I think of asking Mr. Thornton to give me lessons on the violin."

Now, when Kitty made this announcement the "king of instruments" was not in vogue with ladies to the extent it is in these days. Mrs. Bobbleton therefore gazed at her niece with as much astonishment—not to say alarm—as if she had proposed learning the trombone.

"My love," said she, tremulously, "you must of course do as you think best; but does it not strike you as rather a masculine pursuit for a young lady?"

"Not at all, auntie; I assure you it is getting quite the fashion among ladies. And there is Madame Norman Neruda, you know, who does nothing else—in public, that is—but play the fiddle."

"It appears to me," remarked Mrs. Bobbleton, severely, "that she might have chosen a more suitable instrument—the guitar, for instance. The guitar is so elegant. Your poor mother and I learnt it as girls. It had a blue ribbon which went over the shoulders—so. Now, if you could learn the guitar, Kate—"

"I would willingly oblige you," said Kitty, smiling, "but I am afraid Mr. Thornton does not teach it."

And then, knowing that this was a hobby rather apt to run away with her aunt, and not wishing to hear for the fiftieth time how her Uncle Bobbleton, already smitten by the charms of the lady, had surrendered at discretion when the extra fascinations of the guitar and the blue ribbon were brought to bear upon him, she opened the glass door that led to the garden and strolled out. What a pleasant afternoon it was, and what a pleasant scene! Kitty's eyes glanced over the well-kept lawn, and wandered approvingly along the sunny south wall, where the peaches were ripening. Then she looked towards the two-acre meadow, and noticed how fast the grass had grown since the last rain. It would soon be ready

to cut, thought this practical young woman, who ceased, however, to be practical as she caught sight of the stately towers of Grey Court rising in the distance. Straightway her mind reverted to the conversation that had just passed, and she fell to dreaming in the warm June sunlight.

Sir Ronald! She had met him once at some social gathering, a long time ago, before he went abroad; and, girl as she was, had lectured herself severely for the unaccountable manner in which he, a stranger, had occupied her thoughts. It must be, argued the usually unimpressible Kitty, because of his position and wealth. I did not fancy I was so mean! And she thereupon determined, with a proud toss of her little head, that this contemptible weakness must be crushed in the bud—a course which the young baronet's absence had rendered easy, although, now that his return was talked of, she could not help recalling the slim, graceful figure and the frank face which had attracted her girlish fancy. Only for a minute or two; of course, she was too old to think of such nonsense now—even if the fact of the girlish fancy having existed were not enough to make her ready to assume her most brusque and disdainful manner. Why, it was more than eight years since Sir Ronald went away, and she would be six-and-twenty next birthday. Yes, certainly; Jenkins must be consulted about cutting that grass in the home meadow; and perhaps it would be as well to remind Potts that the carnations would soon need to be layered and piped. And, having thus brought her ideas back with a jerk to the workaday world, Kitty bethought herself of her intention to befriend the poor music-master, and, hastening indoors, she proceeded to indite a note, in which she expressed a wish to take lessons on the violin, great anxiety to make rapid progress in this new study, and such a reckless disregard of the cost it might entail as brought joy into the Thornton household that night.

At the moment when Kitty Fanshawe, pacing up and down her garden, was disturbed in the consideration of more important matters by idle thoughts concerning Grey Court and its master, two gentlemen in the smoking-room of an Italian villa were chatting over their cigars.

"And so," said one, "you've really determined to go home and settle down quietly as a country gentleman. There will be a regular jollification on your return, I suppose—flags flying, charity children huzzaing, and all the rest of it. A sort of hullabaloo which will be only second to the one they will make on your marriage."

"Come, come, Jack," remonstrated the other, "you are getting on too fast. I have not looked out the lady yet, and when that's done it's a chance if she will have a weather-beaten fellow like me."

"Hear him!" cried Jack. "There's modesty, for you! Why, man alive, show me the woman who would refuse some thousands a year and the prospect of being 'my lady,' and I will show you the eighth wonder of the world!"

A shade of annoyance crossed the face of his

companion, although he answered, in the same jesting tone, "Thank you. In other words, I need not expect to succeed through any intrinsic merits of my own."

"Oh, well, one can't expect to have everything, you know," said the gentleman addressed as Jack, with refreshing candour; "and people situated as you are get along very comfortably without much intrinsic merit, which is rather lucky, seeing that the latter commodity weighs as light in the world's balance as bullion weighs heavy. If you want to test the relative value of intrinsic merit and an ample fortune you had better steal a march on the good folks of Ambleside; go *incog.* and try your luck that way."

To this suggestion his companion returned no answer. When he spoke again it was simply to say, "I suppose there have been many changes in the neighbourhood since I left home. Are the Downards still there?"

"Yes, and their three gawky daughters have developed into a very respectable trio of graces. Capital riders, too, those girls. Fanny, the eldest, has the neatest figure and the lightest hand in the county; sits her horse like a bird, and faces the stiffest fences with the best of them when the hounds are out; so

"If you go there

I'd have you beware."

"Your caution is needless," was the careless rejoinder; "I don't admire horsey young ladies."

"No? Well, tastes differ. For my part I like a girl with plenty of pluck. Mary Meeking will perhaps suit you better—goes in for sentiment, poetry, and moonshine, and faints at the sight of a mouse or the mention of a blackbeetle."

"Ah, the rector's daughter, if I remember rightly. By-the-bye, what has become of that—ar—" here the speaker demonstrated his indifference to the subject by pausing to light a fresh cigar—"that little golden-haired girl who lived somewhere with an aunt."

"Little girl who lived with an aunt! You must mean Miss Fanshawe, of Homecroft. She wouldn't answer that description now, though, unless you consider it applicable to Juno. I never could quite make out that young woman."

"I was not aware you had any acquaintance with her."

"Oh, I've met her at garden-parties, and so on, you know."

"What? Juno?"

"Nonsense! Miss Fanshawe. No! I never could make her out," continued Jack, plaintively, his thoughts recurring to several abortive attempts to get up a flirtation with Kitty. "In my opinion she carries her head too high. She's handsome, certainly, and possibly she expects to make a great *coup* some day—when the master of Grey Court comes home, *par exemple*. It is a fact that nobody round Ambleside seems good enough for her now. I say, how goes the enemy? Half-past six! I must be off, or I shall miss Rasper, which won't do, for I want to know the lowest figure he will take for that bay mare of his."

And Mr. Jack Wingley sauntered away humming

"Begone dull care," and anticipating, with considerable satisfaction, the effect that his handsome figure, seated on Rasper's mare, would produce among the susceptible belles of the little Italian town.

The solitary individual remaining smoked long and silently, with his eyes fixed steadily on a bust of Plato. At last he rose, and apparently addressing the philosopher, murmured,

"It wasn't a bad idea of yours, old fellow; I've half a mind to act upon it."

With which enigmatical remark he, too, quitted the room.

"My dear sir, pray pardon me; I trust you are not hurt."

This in tones of courtesy and contrition from a gentleman, tall, broad-shouldered, and standing hat in hand, in the quiet street of a country town.

"Not hurt? I'm shaken to pieces! What on earth do you mean, sir, by dashing round the corner and butting, positively butting, against people in this scandalous manner? Why such a shock might have been the death of me at my time of life—may be now, from the pain I'm in. Oh, dear! oh, dear! And my hat! Where's my hat?"

This in accents of anger and reproach from another, short and stout, and seated in undignified fashion on the kerb.

"You cannot blame me more than I blame myself. What can I do? At least allow me to assist you to rise," pleaded the defendant.

"Easier said than done, young man," groaned the plaintiff. "I believe you've smashed several of my ribs, and I know you've broken my leg. Yes, I can't move it"—another groan—"and how am I to get to Homecroft and give Miss Fanshawe her lesson, I should like to know?"

"Ha! I'm in luck! Why, this is a most fortunate—hem! I mean a most unfortunate—singularly unfortunate—occurrence," hastily amended the speaker, suddenly reminded, by seeing the stout gentleman half choking between rage and pain, that his first remark was not soothing. "Now, my dear sir, don't distress yourself," he continued, briskly. "I see an inn yonder, though there's not a creature in sight; it is a standing marvel to me where the people hide themselves in these little out-of-the-way places. I'll get assistance as soon as possible, and we will convey you home, and once there, I'm entirely at your service to remedy as you think best any inconvenience my clumsiness may occasion you."

"Inconvenience!" the little music-master repeated the word rather bitterly to himself when his would-be comforter had departed. It seemed a poor word to express all that the accident would mean for him. Loss of pupils, increased expenses, unpaid bills, and general misfortune; this was the sort of inconvenience he might anticipate; therefore his only comment on the stranger's offer was a brusque "Fine talk, sir; fine talk. A pity that won't pay the doctor."

But the stranger could do more than talk. He quickly returned with the promised help, and

besides rendering useful aid himself, seemed in some mysterious manner to communicate energy and tact to the others. So that in less time than might have been expected the injured man was in his own home and his own bed, his broken leg set, and his ribs pronounced by the surgeon to be still in their normal condition.

And this was how it came to pass that Kitty waited one day in vain for her music-master. Sitting at her favourite window in that snug drawing-room at Homecroft, with her newly-purchased violin (she had seen it advertised a great bargain, and secured it for thirty shillings, dirt cheap for an undoubted Stradivarius, as of course it was, or it would not have had that half-effaced label inside bearing the legend, "Stradivarius fecit 1720")—sitting, I say, with this treasure in her hands, the sunshine on her golden head, and a dreamy look in her bright eyes, Miss Fanshawe might have been a second Cecilia. It only shows how deceptive appearances are apt to be; for of a surety the musical saint would have forfeited her reputation if such groans, squeaks, and unearthly noises had followed her efforts as did poor Kitty's. To tell the truth, the lessons were becoming somewhat of a penance to the young lady. The violin proved a more refractory instrument than she expected. And Mr. Thornton, not having the faintest notion that anything but *bonâ fide* enthusiasm for Art had procured him so paying a pupil, went to work in a conscientious manner, and took no pains to conceal his irritation if she failed to please him.

"Virtue," said Kitty, plaintively to her aunt, "is supposed to be its own reward. I'm sure I do not find it so in this case."

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Bobbleton, over her crewel work, "you should have learnt the guitar, and not a horrid squeaking fiddle. For pity's sake what's that? Really, Kate, you have given me quite a turn. I thought the cat was scratching Flossy's eyes out!"

"It's only that upper D, auntie. I never can get that upper D clearly. But I really think I improve a little. For instance, do you know," playing a few trembling notes, "what this is?"

"Well," said Mrs. Bobbleton, "it is either 'In my Cottage' or 'Home, Sweet Home,' is it not?"

And Kitty, in despair, would give up practising, and seek consolation among her flowers.

A note from Mrs. Thornton, explaining the mischance that had befallen her husband, and begging that Miss Fanshawe would continue her studies under the efficient substitute he had provided in place of himself, came in due time. Kitty thought it rather a bore to have to exhibit her ignorance to a stranger, but, anxious not to add to their troubles, she consented, and the substitute arrived. He was a big, black-bearded fellow, between thirty and forty; a gentleman, evidently, in spite of his rather shabby coat. Not handsome by any means; indeed Aunt Bobbleton said she considered him decidedly plain, and Kitty agreed with her—at first. But we all know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind, and at the second lesson she discovered the rugged face could boast a pair of frank and kindly eyes, and

at the third that Mr. Thomas, though quite as exacting as Mr. Thornton, had a wonderful knack of investing difficulties with a charm, or of making them entirely disappear, and at the fourth—ah! by the time the fourth lesson was reached Kitty had begun to feel a wonderful liking for—well, for the violin, of course.

Six weeks went by, and found Mr. Thornton slowly progressing towards convalescence, and the deputy music-master still on duty at Homecroft; in fact, he was pretty much at home there now, in a quiet, unassuming sort of way. Mrs. Bobbleton approved of him because, as she said, he was "unobtrusive," and "well-informed;" which meant, as regards the first clause, that being a mere nobody, she need not trouble herself to put on her best cap, and sit in state to receive him; and as regards the second, that he had given her a sovereign remedy for faceache, with which she occasionally suffered. She also felt that she owed him some gratitude for having taught Kitty to bring less ear-splitting sounds from that horrid violin, and therefore she spoke of him as a worthy young man, very attentive and kind. She generally sat in the room during the lesson, but very often when it was rather long she would doze a little, and then naturally neither master nor pupil liked to disturb her by playing, so they considerably beguiled the time with a chat. It was on one of these occasions that the good lady, gently awaking from a sounder nap than usual, was startled to find the conversation had taken a most extraordinary turn.

"Then, Miss Fanshawe, you will not fear to unite your fate to mine, though I should remain poor and unknown to the end of my days?"

Yes. Those were the words she heard, and it was Mr. Thomas who had just uttered them, for there he sat, positively holding Kitty's hand in his with the greatest assurance.

Mrs. Bobbleton gasped; but no time was to be lost. She pulled herself together, and said, as majestically as her agitation (and a cap very much awry) would permit,

"May I inquire, sir, if this is part of the lesson?"

Now Kitty, hearing her aunt's voice, had the grace to blush, and endeavoured to withdraw her hand, but the "unobtrusive" young man actually carried the war into the enemy's camp by responding, cheerily,

"Congratulate me, dear Mrs. Bobbleton; Kitty has promised to become my wife."

"Your wife, sir! Impossible! Are you aware that my niece is the possessor of Homecroft and six hundred a year?"

"Pray, aunt—" began Kitty.

"Silence, Kate! If you have lost your common sense I must use mine in your behalf; and see you throw yourself away on a penniless adventurer, without a word of warning, I will not!"

"But," said Mr. Thomas, with a smile, "I am

neither penniless nor an adventurer. I have means; and Miss Fanshawe" (with a tender glance at her upturned face) "tells me my talents will make my fortune."

"Very likely, sir; but I think you had better make your fortune before you marry her. In my niece's position she ought not to marry a poor man."

"You would not have me blind to real worth unaccompanied by wealth, dear aunt?" murmured Kitty.

"I certainly must have a more poverty-stricken appearance than I was aware of," said Mr. Thomas, ruefully, "for neither of you ladies seem inclined to credit me with the possession of sixpence."

"It is quite possible *you* may find your means sufficient, sir."

"I do; I find them ample," said Mr. Thomas.

"But my niece's requirements must not be judged by yours," pursued Mrs. Bobbleton, with dignity.

"Certainly not," allowed Mr. Thomas. "Now, let me see, my present income is somewhere about five thousand a-year; the question is, how much more would meet your—I beg your pardon, is anything the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," said Mrs. Bobbleton, whose exclamation of astonishment had provoked the question, "except that this is no time for jesting. You will be telling us next that you are not Mr. Thomas at all."

"I do not think I need tell you that," said Mr. Thomas, smiling, "because the greater includes the less. I was christened Thomas, so I suppose I have the legal right to call myself Mr. Thomas if I choose. It is a name I shall always have a great regard for," he added, slyly, "since Kitty was so ready to share it with me; but that by which I am commonly known, my dear madam, is Ronald Griffin, of Grey Court."

So Kitty became Lady Griffin, and is very happy. Her husband, sometimes in a teasing mood, declares he believes she recognised him when he masqueraded as her music-master; but she replies that if she had done so she would not have accepted him; and Mrs. Bobbleton says she quite believes it, for Kitty always had such odd independent notions. There are lots of little Griffins, who all learn the violin. Mr. Thornton is their teacher, and has a capital connection in consequence. These same little Griffins like nothing better than a visit to Homecroft, where Aunt Bobbleton now reigns supreme. And, speaking of Aunt Bobbleton, perhaps the most curious part of the whole story is the fact that, by a process of reasoning too subtle for ordinary minds, the respected lady has arrived at the conclusion it was mainly owing to her astuteness and worldly wisdom that her niece made so admirable a match.

SYDNEY GREY.

NUREMBERG.

BY LINDA VILLARI.

III.



KAISERBERG.

OUTSIDE the town throng sterner memories. Gate-towers and bastions, moat and battlements, remind us of Nuremberg's danger through ages of strife. For the wealthy city was an object of perpetual attack from robber barons and hostile troops, by whom its outlying territory was frequently laid waste; while the hereditary enmity of the Markgraves of Brandenburg kept the burghers trembling more or less for nearly four centuries within their girdle of stone. As late as 1717 their troublesome neighbour, George William of Brandenburg, organised a monster hunt close to the gates of the town on purpose to insult the citizens and assert his pretended rights. And his preparations were on as martial a scale as if for an attack on the city itself. With a body of four hundred picked soldiers fully equipped for the field, and a host of sportsmen, beaters, and peasants, he invaded the Nuremberg territory one July night, marching across country, and laying waste all the corn and other crops. Also, for the better fulfilment of his boast, he brought with him a couple of dozen live hares in sacks, and, turning them out at a short distance from the city, pursued them, full cry, with hounds and huntsmen and troops, right to the gates.

The men of Nuremberg, however, carried their complaint to the throne, and the Emperor Charles IV, compelling the Markgrave to pay damages and a heavy fine, bound him over to keep the peace for evermore.

At last we come to the Castle, the irregular pile of towers and turrets and high-peaked roofs so grandly clustered on the rocks above the town. It can be approached in two ways, both equally impressive. By a steep stone causeway, fringed with trees and bordered with ancient buildings, from the heart of the city; or by the road skirting the great moat. And no better general survey of the town can be obtained than by this latter route, past some of the hundred watch-towers dotting the ramparts, and up the ascent to the drawbridge flung high over the moat. The Burg is an ideal stronghold of the Middle Ages. You rattle over bridges and through vaulted ways and across courtyards, and, emerging on a broad terrace, have all the city at your feet. It is a dusky mass of jagged roofs pierced by slender spires, and parted by winding streets, irregular spaces of stone, and gleams of running water. And beyond are green meadows, scattered rocks and hamlets, and dark forests stretching to the blue hills of Franconia. Near the edge of the town, at the foot of the castle crag, you look down on the sturdy front of Albert Dürer's house, and art memories add to the tranquil charm of the quiet dwellings and sun-kissed landscape. But across the fields to the right is a little hill crowned by the ruins of an old fortress. It seems a mere molehill from the castle, but nevertheless it is the Alte Feste, once the centre of Wallenstein's camp, and, occupied by his dreaded army, was throughout the summer of 1632 a perpetual menace to the city. How the town counsellors must have crowded to this terrace, to the summit of the "Lug ins Land" tower and the Heidenturm on that terrible August day when the great battle was going on that would, they thought, decide the fate of their town! A few hours and they might be cheering their saviour, Gustavus Adolphus, or flying for their lives before Wallenstein's cruel hordes! How their pulses must have throbbed as they listened to the roar of the guns over there beyond Fürth, and saw the powder-flashes piercing the smoke on the Alte Feste! We may fancy how keenly they watched the advance of the Swedes, as their steady, glittering lines moved to the attack of the Imperial camp! They may even have heard the screech of Highland bagpipes amid the din of war, for many Scotchmen were fighting under the flag of the Protestant king.

History gives full details of the great fight known as the Battle of Fürth. We know that the attack, led by the Swedish monarch, lasted ten

hours, and that the battles of Prague and Leipsic (in 1620 and 1630) were as child's play compared with it. Two months' lingering face to face had raised the exasperation of either army to the highest pitch, and both Wallenstein and the king threw their whole strength into the struggle. Darkness and heavy rain compelled a truce, but for part of the night the Swedes remained on the field within range of the enemy's guns. The king called a council, and recognising the impregna-

rear. Disease, meanwhile, was making havoc among his men, many had perished in battle, his horses were dying like flies, and provisions beginning to fail; so, one September day the townsfolk beheld a great blaze on the hill they so anxiously watched. Wallenstein had fired his wooden camp and withdrawn with his whole force, spreading terror as he went, and pillaging and burning every farm and village on his line of march towards Ratisbon. Now indeed the citi-



WALLS OF NUREMBERG.

bility of Wallenstein's position in the Alte Feste, withdrew his troops, and leading the retreat in person, formed a new entrenched camp near Fürth. Wallenstein now counted on victory, and the people of Nuremberg trembled. There followed a fortnight of suspense, only enlivened by a few skirmishes. Then sickness broke out in the royal camp, water and forage failed, and Wallenstein could not be tempted to give battle. Thereupon the king, weary of useless delay, and knowing that he was more needed elsewhere, left a powerful garrison to defend Nuremberg, and started with his army towards Windeshiem. He marched close to Wallenstein's lines with colours flying and trumpets playing, and then halted for four hours; but even this challenge did not succeed in enticing his cautious adversary into the field. After his departure the citizens feared that Wallenstein would fulfil his threats and attack them; but that general knew, if the Nurembergers did not, that his first cannonade against the walls would bring the Swedes back, full speed, on his

zens of Nuremberg could breathe freely, and although peace was still distant, their gates more than once threatened, and the consequences of war, plague, and famine still to be endured, their direst peril had been averted. Once again they welcomed Gustavus Adolphus within their walls, and were assured of his help against all future calamity. They little thought that they were bidding farewell to their champion, and that this daring hero, who seemed almost to bear a charmed life, was soon to strike his last blow for the cause on the field of Lützen! Has this digression been too long? Yet no one, I think, can stand on the terrace of Nuremberg Castle without recalling the terrible war that so many years laid waste this fair land, without remembering the principal personages engaged in the strife. And chancing upon an old Fürth almanack with portraits of Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, and Tilly on the frontispiece, it seemed to me that the simple, honest valour of the king spoke as plainly from the coarse little woodcut as the

fantastic vanity of the Duke of Friedland, or the mad cruelty of the fanatic general who rode rejoicing over the bodies of his Magdeburg victims.

Turning into the great outer courtyard of the castle, we were taken to see the celebrated well of the Tiefe Brunnen. Its guardian quickly sets to work with a little pulley, and lowering burning candles set in a tray, shows you how deep below lies the water at the roots of the rock. And in the gleaming light you discern an opening in the

At the castle gate is the oldest part of the Burg proper, the massive Heidenturm, built by Emperor Conrad II in the eleventh century, the rest of the pile having been rebuilt and enlarged when the new fortifications were made five hundred years later. In the lower part of the tower is a chapel of the earlier date, a very damp and dim interior, with stumpy, rudely-carved Gothic pillars. The staircase leading to the state-rooms above opens from a charming court, surrounded by



ALBERT DÜRER'S HOUSE.

masonry half way down, said to be one of the secret passages to the Rathhaus. Tradition tells you that you can recite a Paternoster before water thrown in at the top reaches the water below, but, as a matter of fact, it is only six seconds before you hear the splash. There is a Nuremberg legend to the effect that Charlemagne sits at the bottom of the well waiting for better times, like Barbarossa in the "Kyffhäuser." And once upon a time a criminal, being offered his life in reward for his venture, was let down into the watery depths and returned in safety, saying that he had found the kaiser seated in a cave, and with his long white beard twined in a double ring round the table before him.

carved wooden galleries, draped with the red and brown trails of Virginia creeper. In the centre, and carefully propped and railed in, is a very ancient tree with a hollow trunk and scanty, senile branches, the famous linden planted by Empress Cunigonda more than eight hundred years ago. Kaiser Heinrich II went out hunting one day, rode unawares to the edge of a precipice, and would have fallen over it had not his horse shied violently from a lightning-struck linden on its brink. So he brought back a twig to his wife; she planted it in grateful memory of his escape, and it throve and grew to an enormous size.

The state apartments upstairs are wide, cheer-

ful rooms, restored in excellent taste. They have fine coffered ceilings, a store of quaint portraits and ancient furniture, and a glorious view over town and country. To the trim young maiden who acted as guide the polished floors seemed to have a special attraction, and with many "ach's" and "so's" she slid her feet over them, as though longing for a waltz. The great saloon is lined with a fair collection of pictures of the early German school, and has a colossal stove decorated in

"Criminal Museum," in the neighbouring Froschthurm. For here, besides innumerable instruments of torture, were all the grotesque accessories by which old Germany loved to invest its criminal procedure with a horrible mirth. There were the hideous masks perjurers and slanderers were forced to don, and the huge bells—Sünde Glocken—hung to the necks of culprits when paraded through the town. There was also a small library of criminal archives, and rows of rough wood-



OLD SCHLOß, NUREMBERG.

the Renaissance style. There is a great fascination about these Nuremberg stoves. No two are alike, each has its own individuality; but all are immense structures of coloured tiles, covered with designs and bas-reliefs and all sorts of fantastic ornamentation. With these temples of heat rising from floor to ceiling it must be easy enough to defy a northern winter.

This saloon is next to the old Heidenthurm, and going up a few steps you find yourself in St. Othmar's, or the Kaiser's chapel.

On the northern side of the castle is another wide court and terrace, commanding an extensive view over the Volksmund plains, familiarly known as the "Knoblauchland;" and here, too, is the five-cornered tower, the oldest building in Nuremberg, and the ill-omened "Lug ins Land," or Peep o'er the Land, tower, formerly used as a state prison. We were shown a ghastly roomful of wheels, racks and thumbscrews, boots and gloves, executioner's swords, etc., which were all minutely explained in the softest Bavarian speech by a mild little woman. Still more gruesome was the

cuts depicting every form of punishment, with portraits of notorious brigands and murderers, and political prisoners of all countries. Up a flight of steep stone stairs we came to the culminating horror, the "Iron Virgin," and the keeper worked its cranks with a truly vicious energy, and showed how the cruel spikes crushed out a victim's life. In the same dark chamber was the crib in which the condemned took their last rest before execution, and above were other cells. One of these is that once inhabited by the daring robber baron, Eppelein von Gailingen, and his life-size effigy clad in the dress of the period—black and red slashed with yellow—is seated by a table, with a big flagon under his hand. As prisons go this cell has many advantages. It is provided with a stove, and its inmate, unless chained to the wall, must have enjoyed the beautiful view over the town; indeed the prospect was almost as wide as from the airy top storey, which is now a receptacle for a quantity of mediæval *bric-à-brac*, curious musical instruments, costumes, etc.

Having mentioned Baron von Gailingen, I cannot leave the castle without relating its legend concerning one of his feats. This famous robber chief flourished in the fourteenth century, and was the terror of Nuremberg for no less than fifty years. The mass of the robber knights were needy men, who pounced down upon all travellers passing within sight of their lairs, in order to supply their daily wants, and occasionally indulged in a raid on their neighbours' flocks and herds. But Epelein (properly Apollonius) von Gailingen was an adventurer of a more daring stamp, was a feudal power, the owner of several castles, and the leader of a well-equipped band of desperadoes. His ancestral estate of Gailing was near the quaint old city of Rothenburg, on the Tauber; but, not satisfied with terrorising that district, he declared war against the Nurembergers, and established his headquarters at his manor of Drameysel, not far from Muggendorf. There he arranged his expeditions against the free city, and sallied forth to plunder the trains of merchandise that came and went from its gates. And as his quickness and cunning equalled his bravery in combat, he was always taking the burghers by surprise, outwitting their precautions and pouncing on them when they believed him to be at a safe distance. On one occasion he penetrated into the town itself and carried off a golden casket, shaped like a bird-cage and filled with precious jewels, which was most carefully treasured and only shown to the public on special days. And, adding insult to injury, he sent ironical thanks to the town council, informing them that the golden cage was safe at Drameysel, and giving full particulars of the manner of the theft. The knight's exploits soon became the theme of a hundred rhymes and nursery tales, and he was credited by the people with the possession of supernatural powers. Who but a wizard, they thought, could have escaped from their troops and those of the Bishop of Bamberg on that memorable day at Carlstadt, when, being surprised and surrounded on the top of a rock, he had leaped his horse into the rushing Main below, and galloped away unhurt?

However, at last fortune turned, and after a fierce skirmish in the Franconian valleys, Gailingen, together with one of his men, was taken prisoner, brought in triumph to Nuremberg, and confined in the castle during his trial.

The day on which the death sentence was to be pronounced the whole garrison was under arms, and every gate of town and castle strongly guarded for fear of a rescue. The knight was conducted from his cell in the tower to the northern terrace between two files of soldiers, ready to be led through the town to the Rathaus, there to meet his doom in the dungeons below. The prisoner looked about him and enjoyed the fresh air while waiting for the procession to be formed. Hard by, and with its bridle hitched to the branch of a tree, stood his trusty steed, which now belonged to the captain of the

castle. Epelein sighed, and begged the great favour of being allowed to mount his favourite animal once more to give him a farewell caress. The captain willingly granted the request. There was no hurry, he said; the baron was welcome to ride round the court until the summons came from the Rathaus. "For there is no river here," he added, with a meaning smile.

Epelein overwhelmed him with thanks, sprang lightly into the saddle, and, at the sound of his voice, the prancing, mettlesome horse became instantly quiet as a lamb. The soldiers fell back in a semicircle to enjoy the sight of Epelein's splendid horsemanship as he proceeded to put his faithful Hans through all his paces, and with a word or touch of the rein made him do the most difficult tricks. In the course of these exercises horse and rider went round and round the enclosure, and at each turn the knight edged a little nearer to the breastwork overhanging the moat. Then, all at once the startled spectators saw horse and man rise in the air, fly across the wide space, and land safely down below on the farther bank. With shouts and yells of rage all hurried pellmell to gates and drawbridge, but by the time the real pursuit began, Ritter von Gailingen was safe with his friends in the woods. His captured squire, who, having feigned submission, had been enrolled in the garrison, had also vanished, and, as people said afterwards, had been seen following his master's tremendous leap astride on a broomstick!

Thus runs the legend of Gailingen's escape, and all visitors to Nuremberg Castle are bid to look at the prints of his horse's hoofs on the stones of the rampart near the tower and at the highest point above the moat.

Epelein's leap, however it may have been accomplished, strengthened the popular belief in his sorcery, and the captain of the castle affirmed on oath that the horse, Hans, changed into a fiery dragon as it sprang from the wall. But, wizard or no, the knight's powers deserted him in his old age, for he was finally captured, and, with four of his comrades, broken on the wheel at Neumarkt in the year 1381.

Space fails for a description of the German Museum, where a splendid collection of national antiquities and art treasures of all kinds are arranged, somewhat on the South Kensington plan. Here are to be found the masterpieces of the Nuremberg school, the Dürer portraits, etc. But days instead of hours should be spent among them. The building was once a Carthusian monastery, which has been most artistically enlarged and adapted to its present use. And it has several enchanting inner courts and cloisters, where flowers and fountains refreshed the senses of the enthusiastic but tired pilgrims who were bound to leave Nuremberg by the next train.

NOTE.—The author is indebted to Herr Priem's "Nürnberger Sagen und Geschichten" for the legends paraphrased in this sketch.

THE TWO GREAT PHILIPS OF THE ELIZABETHAN ERA.

PHILIP DU MORNAY AND SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A RAGGED black-letter volume, in a book-box outside the shop of a second-hand bookseller in the suburbs, attracted my attention by the conjunction on its title-page of the names of two of the most illustrious knights of the fifteenth century, the heroic age of arms and literature. The title was, "A Work Concerning the Trewnesse of the Christian Religion, Against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Jews, Mahometists, and other Infidels; Written in French by Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie, and Marley. Begunne to be translated into English by that Honorable and Worthy Gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, and at his Request Finished by Arthur Golding, since which time it has been Reviewed, and for the fourth time Published, and purged from sundry faults escaped heretofore through Ignorance, Carelessness, and other Corruption. London, Printed by George Purslom, 1617."

The translation is dedicated by Thomas Wilcocks, "the Lord's unworthy minister," to Henry, Prince of Wales. It states that—"The work itself is very good, whether we consider the matter it treateth of, the truth of God's religion, or the author that penned it, a right worthie, skilful, zealous, and godlie gentleman; or him that first began to turne it into our tongue, that valiant knight of happie memorie, Sir Philip Sidney, I meane."

Sidney's first introduction to Du Mornay was in the year 1572, when, having finished his course at Oxford, he set out on his travels for two years with a mother's prayers and a father's counsels. At Paris he found at the Court of Charles VI both the great leaders of the French Protestant party, Coligny, and his thoughtful namesake, Count Philip du Mornay. Sidney was soon attracted by Du Mornay, and a lifelong friendship between them ensued. Both hid themselves during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Five years afterwards their friendship was renewed in London on the count's coming over as envoy for Henry of Navarre to solicit aid for the French Protestants. Du Mornay was a second time in London in 1576, with his accomplished wife, and Sidney stood godfather to their daughter Elizabeth.

The friends continued their correspondence, greatly augmented in interest by that of the illustrious Lanquet, now the literary head of the Huguenots. Lanquet had been converted from Romanism by the teaching of Melancthon, and in his turn had been the means of influencing and deciding the mind of Du Mornay.

After Sidney had played his part in the great drama of the Elizabethan age, and had written the defence of Poesy and the sonnets which have made his name famous, and been married, and before he was called upon to lead the military expedition which ended his brilliant career, he

began to translate the great work then just given to France by Du Mornay, the "Treatise De Veritate Christiana." Before he had got very far in the task he was compelled by the calls of government to lay it aside for politics and war, and he handed it over to the chief translator of the day, Arthur Golding, and this is the origin of the old volume which attracted my attention.

The scope of the work is the claim of revealed Christianity to the office of being a universal religion, comprehending all that philosophy had ever indicated, and that paganism had ever required, and all that the nature of man and of the world needed. It is a repetition of the scholastic effort after Universalism, a kind of Scriptural method of answering the question of all the philosophies from Plato downward.

The work itself is dedicated "to the Right High and Mighty Prince Henry, King of Navarre, Sovereigne of Bearne, and a peer and chief prince of the bloud Royal of France."

The dedication, in setting forth the scope of the work, speaks of man as "the open example of all ages;" of the world as "a shadow of God's brightness;" of religion as "the way to be linked most straitly to God;" and affirms that the records of all ages prove man to have been unthankful to God, that justice demands satisfaction, that God's grace has found a release; and then conducts us to the conclusion: "Soothly it is the well-beloved Son of God that must stand for all, the righteous for the unrighteous, the might for the unmight, the rich for the poor, the dearly and well beloved for these that are in the displeasure of God, His Father."

Then follows a spirited glorification of the Redeemer and redemption. "If *His* birth offend thee, look upon the heralds that went before Him, and upon the trumpeters that told tidings of Him." Afterwards attention is drawn to the grand missionary work of the Apostles to make Him known.

Then ensues a long preface on the right use of reason in matters of religion, closing with the assurance that the writer, who had desired above all things the glory of God, "felt already some effects and contentement thereof" in his heart, and with the prayer "to vouchsafe in our days to touch our stoney hearts with the force of His Spirit, and with His own finger to plant His doctrine so deeply in them as it may take roote and bring forth fruit. For certes it is God's work to perswade and win men, albeit that to counsel them, yea, and to move them, seemeth in some sort to lie with man."

The work occupies 605 close pages. The first chapters, after protesting that any demonstration of the being of a God is unnecessary, as the conviction of this is intuitive, proceed to argue that the consideration of the visible universe neces-

sarily leads to Theism. The writer anticipates Sir John Herschel's noble introductory sentences to his *Discourse on Natural Philosophy* in the following sentence: "And whereof cometh it that man, being the frailest thing of all living wights, is served by the elements, by the plants, by the beasts—yea, even by the wildest of them." He next anticipates Paley's argument of design from the instance of the watch: "As, for example, from the hammer of a clock we come to a wheel, and from that wheel to another, and finally to the wit of the clockmaker, who by his cunning hath so ordered them that, notwithstanding he maketh them all to move, yet he himself removeth not.

... So let us advance ourselves yet one degree higher—namely, to the infinite, to the light which is not to be conceived but in understanding, and to the quickening spirit, in respect whereof the thing that we wonder at here beneath is less than a point, and light is but a shadow and our spirit is but a vapour; and yet notwithstanding he hath so pointed out His glory and infiniteness, even in the things we most despise, as that even the grossest wits may easily comprehend it."

The astronomical arguments display, of course, the anti-Copernican system. "The planets one over another which, notwithstanding the violence of the first impulse, have every one his several course. The sun is every twenty and four hours carried from east to west by the moving of the sky."

The argument for a beginning, in opposition to the hypothesis of an eternity of matter, reproduced in modern days, is quaintly and admirably put. "For where order is, there is a formerness and an afterness, and all change is a kind of moving, insomuch that the alterations which are made successively one after another must of necessity have had a beginning at some point or other, on the land by some one of the seasons, on the sea by ebbing and flowing, and in the air by north and by south, and so forth. For if they began not at any one point, then they could not hold out to another point. The earth, then, by his seasons, the air by his changes, and the sea by his tides, cease not to cry out and to preach unto all that have eares to heare, that there is no everlastingness in them, but that they have had a beginning all of them."

Du Mornay argues ably for the recency of the world and man by tracing up history to its origins, and showing that all such origins are not older than Moses, and all are recent compared with the creation. He discusses in order the opinions of the celebrated writers of antiquity, and deduces from their statements and admissions the truth of the first verse of the Bible, and then concludes "that the world had a beginning, and that it had it at such a time as it pleased God the creator thereof."

We have probably written enough to induce the desire of a fuller perusal of the book, and of knowing something more of the writer.

Du Mornay was born in Butry, in the district of France called the Vexin, in 1549. He sprang from a noble family, and was from his cradle intended for the Church, as he had many powerful

relations with high preferments in their gift. His mother was a secret disciple of Evangelical teachers, and she took charge of the early training of her son; the death of his father in 1560 left her free to develop her own tendency towards the tenets of Calvin, and to instil them into the mind of her son. Philip, however, continued his ecclesiastical studies at Paris, and at eighteen years of age went to Switzerland and Germany to learn the reformed doctrines, and thence to Italy, Germany, Eastern Europe, and the Netherlands. In this way he acquired political and general knowledge, and began to take a part in the public discussion of the questions then opening as to the readjustment of the political condition of Europe after the turmoil of the German reformation. Returning to Paris, he barely escaped, by concealment, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and took refuge in England, where he only stayed a short time, afterwards rejoining his struggling Huguenot brethren, and withdrawing to the frontier in 1575.

Joining the Huguenot army, he distinguished himself by courage amounting to rashness, and was taken prisoner and ransomed by his future wife. He married, and continued in the service of Henry of Navarre.

He became the friend and treasurer of the king. He was sent over to England to negotiate with Queen Elizabeth, and it is said on this occasion his sovereign, in reply to his request for instructions, gave him only a blank sheet of paper bearing his signature.

He then was employed in various missions, military and diplomatic, including one to the famous Diet of Augsburg. The great Romanist league formed by the Guises in 1576 now developed itself, and the Protestants, with the King of Navarre at their head, required all the courage, caution, and wisdom of their best counsellors. He became the trusted adviser and finance minister on the Protestant side. His pure and lofty principles of religion and morality were at this time often shocked by the conduct of the gay King Henry, and he several times gave up his offices, but was persuaded to return. His military advice, as well as his talents in diplomacy and administration, were constantly brought into action. Negotiations ended in an alliance between Henry III and the King of Navarre, and Du Mornay was made governor of the important city of Saumur.

On the assassination of Henry III Du Mornay secured the person of the hostile pretender to the throne, and joined the king at the battle of Ivray, where the Protestant cause triumphed.

Now ensued the well-known defection of Henry IV as King of France from the Protestant cause. For three years Du Mornay watched the intrigues of the Papal court, and warned and protested, but had the grief to witness the abjuration of Henry in 1593. It was sought to win him also, but all such endeavours were vain, and he devoted himself to the work of obtaining privileges and protection for the Huguenots. He was still the close friend of Henry, and employed in his most important negotiations.

In the midst of these labours he worked for Protestantism by studying the Romanist doctrine relative to the Lord's Supper, which he investigated with great zeal, being aided by his very considerable attainments in language. In 1598 he published his work on the subject, which immediately excited great hostility. The Bishop of Evreux led the host of opposing critics, and so furious was the polemical strife that the king directed a conference to be held before appointed judges respecting the charges brought forward in the book. Du Plessis had employed scribes to make some of the extracts relied on by him in his arguments, and some of these clerks had been unfaithful. Their errors were paraded at the pompous conference, and Du Plessis had to retire, beaten in the letter though not in the substance of his arguments, both sides as usual claiming the victory. The result, however, was that, owing to the state of parties, the count lost the confidence of the court.

He then withdrew to his government at Saumur, and for six years occupied himself in studying and attending to the affairs of the Reformed Church. He visited Paris, and was received with honours, and continued to give

peaceful counsels to the Huguenot party, which in 1620 was in arms in the south-eastern provinces.

Louis XIII requested him to allow him to occupy the castle of Saumur as a residence during his visit to the city, and then broke faith with the venerable statesman, and would not let him return. He retired to his own property at Forêt-sur-Sene in Poitou, and after occupying himself in arduous literary labours for the Evangelical faith, died on the 11th of November, 1623.

For fifty years he was at the head of French Protestantism and the faithful exponent of Protestant doctrines. His writings were very numerous, but the most widely-diffused of them is that which forms our subject, and which was published in French at Antwerp in 1580, and published also by himself in Latin. He was a rare combination of poet, warrior, statesman, historian, and theologian; grand in dignity, firm in character, constant to the truth, and loyal to his king. He had made considerable attainments in natural philosophy, and was well versed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish. He must be considered as one of the most illustrious figures among the laymen of the Reformation and Renaissance.

S. R. P.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

OUR frontispiece this month, from the picture by Charles Henri Pille, represents an opening scene in one of the most terrible wars by which this world has ever been afflicted. July 22nd, 1792, was a day to be remembered throughout France, and indeed the world. On that Sunday, by beat of drum and boom of cannon, the French people were called to listen to a decree of the National Assembly solemnly declaring the country to be in danger. In each town the Mayor, accompanied by the Municipality, and followed by a detachment of the National Guards, read the decree to the people.

It was the very crisis of the Revolution. During the month previous its whole character had altered. Since 1789 there had been many and rapid changes, but none that broke wholly with the past. The friends of progress pushed on the erection of their new edifice, but they did not propose to give it any but the old foundation. Up to the summer of 1792 France was still for Monarchy, henceforth she was on a high road to a Republic.

Left to itself the revolution might have been a peaceful one, especially if the well-meaning King had had more will and intelligence. But the other rulers of Europe, alarmed at the example set by France, determined to crush the revolution and restore the King to his old position. Vast armies, under the Duke of Brunswick and the King of Prussia, appeared on the frontier. Towards the end of June, 1792, they entered France, and the Duke of Brunswick issued a proclamation, in which he stated that the allied armies had come

to arrest anarchy and restore the King to his legitimate authority. Those who should resist would suffer military execution—the National Assembly, the Municipality, and City of Paris being specially warned that if they did not forthwith return to their allegiance they would have to answer for their disobedience with their heads, while the slightest insult offered to the royal family would entail an exemplary and memorable punishment in the total destruction of the City of Paris.

The National Assembly called on the King and his ministers to take active steps for the defence of the country. But this was impossible, for there was a vast French influence both in Paris and in the invading army working the other way. The Queen had the itinerary of the emigrants and of the King of Prussia; she knew what day the invaders would be at Verdun, what day at Lille, and she reckoned on their arriving in Paris in less than six weeks.

Betrayed in the presence of vast armies of invaders by their own Government, and maddened by a belief that legions of traitors were in their midst, France was aroused to desperate energy. With one hand she struck blindly at the foes within, with the other furiously at those without. When, therefore, we recall with horror the massacres of September, '92, and the Terror of '93, we ought not to forget the other side of the picture, where we behold a People just emerging from serfdom, wholly unprepared for a great war, deserted by their natural rulers, rise as one man;

and with raw volunteers miserably accoutred, under leaders only yesterday sergeants, drive back and defeat generals who had been companions of Frederick the Great.

Up to the end of September, 1792, when the results of the victory at Valmy were known, the tension in Paris must have been extreme. The black flag hung mournfully from Notre Dame, and the utmost efforts were made to provide the sinews of war. The church bells were turned into cannon, the lead coffins into bullets. A foundry was opened in the Luxembourg, and thirty furnaces kept going elsewhere. Twenty cannon were turned out in a week from one factory, and more powder was made in two days than three hundred horses could drag; sixty thousand men were enrolled in one day. Elsewhere the same

energy manifested itself, so that armies sprang out of the soil as if by magic. Meanwhile the women plied hard with scissors and needle to make clothes for the soldiers; a church in Paris was devoted to their use. This immense burst of patriotic ardour owed much to a marvellous hymn which at that moment was heard all over France. From Alsace, through Provence, in the most miserable huts as well as in every street of the great cities, men were singing the Hymn of the Marseillaise. "Luckiest musical composition ever promulgated," so Carlyle; its refrain, "Aux armes! aux armes! marchons!" is caught up by the whole country. It wins Jemappes, it turns the tide. "To-day," said Goethe "opens a new epoch in the history of Humanity."

R. H.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CHURCH BELLS AND BELFRIES.

AS the trumpet sounded for all the worship of the Jews, so the bell is associated with Christian services. According to the rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, "The curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel shall cause a bell to be tolled there unto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word, and to pray." This is the ordinary use of the church bells, but we know how they are associated with the varied joys and sorrows, and the manifold events of human life.

The inscription on the old Minster bell at Schaffhausen reminds us of other uses than calling to worship.

"Defunctos plango, vivos voco, fulmina frango."

This motto is only part of a longer bell-legend, phrases of which are found on bells throughout Christendom. The whole poem is given in an old treatise. Here are some of the lines, the meaning of which is more intelligible than their metre.

"Laudo Deum verum; plebem voco, congreco clerum;
Defunctos plango; vivos voco, fulmina frango,
Vox mea, vox vitæ; voco vos, ad sacra venite;
Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango."

It is not likely that any bell or bell-tower ever bore the whole of this inscription, but a selection was made from the monkish verses, combining both secular and sacred uses. Next to summoning the living and mourning the dead, the protection from thunderstorms was regarded as one of the chief benefits of ringing the church bell.

The poet Cowper, in the opening of the sixth book of "The Task," "The Winter Walk at Noon," describes the effect of hearing church bells at a distance

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept."

In like spirit Southey says, "When I remember their tones, life seems to me like a dream; and a train of recollections arises, which, if allowed to have its course, would end in tears." No wonder that the gentle sensitive Elia spoke of the sound of bells as "the music nearest heaven." It is told of Napoleon, that one day, long after he had reached the summit of fame and of ambition, he broke off the conversation to listen to a chime that recalled to him the early peaceful days at Brienne. Such is the sympathy of souls with sounds, and the feelings awakened may or may not be in accordance either with the original purpose of the bells, or with the mottoes that they bear.

The oldest bells have often mottoes such as we might expect in the times before the Reformation. Dedications and invocations to patron Saints are frequent, or to the Blessed Virgin. There is one with the letters S. T. O. P. N., which is read "Sancte Thoma ora pro nobis," the Saint Thomas not being the primitive apostle, but Thomas à Becket. Sometimes the legend is in poetry, as in the hexameter line:

"Virginis egregie dicor Campana Marix."

In less remote times the inscriptions were sometimes made to sound human merits as well as Divine praises. Prayers were asked for the donor of the bell; or the donors, when the peal was the result of combined benevolence, which led to the comical couplet:

"At proper times my voice I'll raise,
And sound to my subscribers' praise."

This lively gratitude is frequent in the inscriptions of bells of the eighteenth century, as in those of Leominster:

"Kind Heaven, increase their bounteous store,
And bless their souls for evermore."

Sometimes the praise is not graven on the bells but on adjacent tablets, as where a brass plate informs us that

"Here lies George Theobald, a lover of bells,
And of this church, as this epitaph tells;
He gave a bell freely to grace the new steeple,
Ring out his praises therefore ye good people."

These trivial records are after all rare and exceptional in their bad taste, for the mottoes of most of the bells, old and new, are worthy of their uses and of the place which they occupy. Here are some of them.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Eastbourne.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

Peterborough Cathedral.

CHRISTE, AUDI NOS.

Westminster Abbey.

OMNIA FIANTE AD GLORIAM DEI.

St. Neots.

FEAR GOD, HONOUR THE KING.

*St. Nicholas, Brighton.**

Wordsworth tells of his favourite church—

"When the bells of Rylston played
Their Sabbath music 'God us ayde'
(That was the sound they seemed to speak),
Inscriptive legend which, I ween,
May on those holy bells be seen."

The holiness of the bells, it is to be feared, is not always in the mind of the bellringers, in spite of the ancient inscription which says:

"Who sways this bell
Let him look well
To hande, and hedde, and herte.
Y^e hand for werke,
Y^e hedde for wytte,
Y^e herte for worshyppe."

Mr. Lomax, after describing a visit to the belfry of an old parish church in the country, laments the too frequent condition of the bells and the ancient towers that contain them. "The cages are rickety, the gudgeons are stiff with dirt, the wheels are cracked and unsafe, the bell-chamber is black with grime, and filthy with the nests of night birds. Ignorant carpenters spoil the machinery with their clumsy repairs; village blacksmiths chip away the beauty and melody from the bells; lazy sextons crack the treble with their practice of hitching the rope round the

flight of the clapper. The brasses wear loose, and the ponderous bell shakes the cage; the tenons move in the mortises, and the whole structure rocks; some ignorant or dishonest builder patches up matters by driving wedges between the frame and the wall; and so the old tower, that has defied the elements for eight hundred years, is jarred to ruin by the weight of its own bells.

"Such as is the belfry, such are often the tenants. Bellringers are frequently sad illustrations of the mournful truth, 'The nearer the church, the farther from God.' Their *business* is from the beer-shop to the belfry, their *pleasure* from the belfry to the beer-shop. They ring the congregation to God's house, but themselves quit it before service commences; and many a fine young man has dated the ruin of body and soul from the moment he first joined a society, whose occupation was connected with our most solemn hopes, our purest aspirations.

"We thank Heaven all are not so. There are many belfries from which the music of grateful hearts ascends to the great Father, along with the sweet voice of the bells; and there are bellringers who are all that Christian men should be; but it is too often the reverse, and will be so, till the clergy, in whom by ancient law the custody of the bells is vested, shall think more seriously of the responsibility which such charge brings upon them. Many have done so, and it is pleasing to know that a real interest in the subject is springing up. To those with whom the thought is a new one, we would earnestly recommend the perusal of a little book by W. T. Maunsell, M.A., of Oxford, in which the claims of the bell-chamber are ably set forth. In the words of that gentleman we hope and trust 'that the church bells will bring together and unite all ranks, calling them to brotherly kindness and concord, as well as to prayer and praise.'"

There is no doubt that greater attention was given to bellringing in former times, although the practice has in our day begun to assume more of its ancient importance. The writings of Troyte, Ellacombe, Hubbard, and Wigram display enthusiasm as well as learning, worthy of the art, and commend the subject to the higher consideration of the clergy, while useful to campanologists and amateur ringers. There are many associations and guilds in cities and rural districts, who emulate the zeal and the skill of the "Ancient Society of College Youths," who first met, two centuries and a half since, at St. Martin's Vintry, College Hill, to practise "the manly art of ringing." The sweet and solemn melody that fills the air, both at Christmas-tide and in "ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in," proves that England still deserves the appellation given to it by Sir John Hawkins, of the "Ringing Island." When John Bunyan, himself an old bellringer, in his immortal dream saw Christian led by the shining ones upwards from the dark river, and heaven's gates opened, he ends by saying that "all the bells of the city did ring for joy." May the music of the church bells help to lift the soul to the higher harmonies of which the earthly chimes are symbols!

* These and many other mottoes are collected in a pleasant little volume on "Bells and Bellringers," by Benjamin Lomax, keeper of the public library at Brighton; published by Infield, 160, Fleet Street.

SUMMER RAMBLES IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER X.—DONCASTER—BRENTLEY—ASKERN—DINNER ON A YORKSHIRE WOLD—A YORKSHIRE FARM.



It is the morning of the fourth of July, and a bright and beautiful morning it is. The storm clouds that yesterday lowered all around us have cleared away and the sun shines in an Italian sky. We are encamped in a delightful little level meadow close to the worthy brewer and farmer to whom it belongs. How did we come here? Were we invited? No, reader, we invited ourselves.

Not quite liking the accommodation recommended to us by a villager, I called on Mr. E—— and coyly—shall I say “coily”?—stated my case. Though good Mr. E—— has a wife to please, and the gentle, kindly lady is an invalid, he granted me the desired permission, and when we were fairly on the lawn and the horses out and away, he made his report, like a dutiful husband, to his better half.

“They are gipsies,” was the reply. “Are you aware of what you have done? Fowls or ducks will be missing to-morrow morning, to say nothing of every egg about the place.”

“He’s not a gipsy, but a gentleman,” was the sturdy Yorkshireman’s reply; “I’ve passed my word, and I’ll no gang back on it.”

But I think before the evening passed away, which it did, as Burns hath it,

“Wi’ sangs and clatter,”

Mrs. E—— found her husband was right, and this morning no fowls will be found missing, and never an egg.

This village of Brentley is a queer one. Were the houses built before the roads, I wonder, or the roads before the houses? The roads—I cannot call them streets—go up and down and across and round and round and everywhere. The houses are small stone edifices, red-tiled, some whitewashed, most unpretentious in appearance. Ask a schoolboy of seven to sketch a house on his slate, and it is precisely one like these he will chalk you out. Then the houses stand in all directions, end on or any way you please: thoroughly independent, thoroughly Yorkshire. But thoroughly solid and substantial are these little edifices, like the people who dwell in them. They are not here to-day and away to-morrow,

like your more pretentious brick buildings. Like the sturdy oaks in the forests around, they can stand unscathed the storms of centuries. The houses in Notts in which the poorer classes live have quite a different character and style as a rule. Built in rows, and of three storeys high, the upper row of windows are low and long, and seem to blink and leer at the passer-by in a way that is anything but pleasant to behold.

We stayed the night before last at the straggling village of Carlton-in-Lindrick, in a cherry orchard kindly lent us by its proprietor.

Tickhill is in Yorkshire, and the view from the hill-head about a mile before you enter it is very enchanting. The church at Tickhill stands boldly up on the horizon, and the houses—red—seem to shelter and nestle around it.

The remains of a fine old castle are here, a castle that in 1644 stood sturdily out for the king, but was finally dismantled and destroyed. The market-cross and a curious old house at Tickhill are worth a passing glance.

Doncaster is a delightful old place, though in the gathering gloom of a thunderstorm it did not appear to advantage.

I could pick out a dozen charming villages in this same Riding of Yorkshire that would make excellent health resorts. But travellers, alas! and invalids too, all go on the same old beaten tracks and miss the beauties of their native land. And the greater the loss to them.

Leaving Brentley about ten o’clock, we passed onwards through a country that some might call uninteresting. It is flat, but well treed, though the trees, principally oaks, are of lower growth, more stunted than the giants we have left behind us. Mulberry-trees have now made their appearance, and splendid acacias, tasselled over with drooping blooms, but the maple or plane trees are also a sight; they are now in seed, and the hanging bunches of pods are tinted with carmine and brown.

Large elder-bushes, like enormous white-rose trees, brighten the dark green of the hedgerows, beds of yellow sweet-pea, beds and patches of the blue speedwell, the purple tapering stachys, solitary spikes of crimson foxglove, roses, and honeysuckle meet the eye wherever I look. In some places the sward is covered as with snow by the lavish-spreading fairy-bed straw.

At the little cosy town of Askern, with its capital hotels and civilised-looking lodging-houses, on stopping to shop, we were surprised at being surrounded by hosts of white-haired cripples—well, say lame people, for every one had a staff or a crutch.

But I soon found out that Askern is a watering-place, a kind of a second-class Harrogate, and

these people with the locks of snow had come to bathe and drink the waters; they are sulphureous. There is here a little lake with a promenade and toy stalls. The lake has real water in it, though it looks somewhat green and greasy, and a real boat on it, and real oars to pull it. There are fish in the lake too. This is evident from the fact that a twenty-pound pike was lately landed. On being opened, his stomach was found to contain a roach and two copper coins of the reign of our present blessed Majesty the Queen. It is evident that this pike was laying up against a rainy day.

But Askern is really a good resort for the invalid. Things are cheap too, and the place would soon flourish if there were abundance of visitors.

We have halted to dine in the centre of a Yorkshire wold. The road goes straight through the hedge-bound sward, and can be seen for miles either way.

A wold means a wood—a wild wood. I like the word, there is a fine romantic ring about it. This wold has been cleared, or partially so, of trees, and fields of waving grain extend on all sides of us. Very delightful is this wold on a sweet summer's day like this, but one can easily imagine how dreary the scene must be in winter, with the road banked high with snowdrifts, and the wind sweeping over the flats and tearing through the leafless oaks.

The horses are enjoying the clover. Hurricane Bob and I are reclining among our rugs on the broad dicky. Foley is cooking a hen and a sheep's heart; the latter for Bob's dinner. There are rock-looking clouds on the horizon, a thunder-storm is within a measurable distance.

How pretty those purple trailing vetches look! How sweet the song of yonder uprising lark! There is an odour of elder-flowers in the air. I hear a hen cackling at a distant farm. Probably the hen has laid an egg. Hurricane Bob is sound asleep. I think I shall read. Burns is by my elbow:

"Oh, Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The lang dark night."

How lovely those dog-roses are, though! They are everywhere to-day; roses in clusters, roses in garlands, wreaths and wind-tossed spray, white, crimson, or palest pink roses—roses—

"The dinner is all on the table, sir."

"Aw—right."

"The dinner is *quite ready*, sir."

"To be sure, to be sure. Thank you, Foley."

"Why, you have been sound asleep, sir."

We are once more settled for the night and settled for the Sabbath, in a delightful clovery meadow near a fine old Yorkshire farm, round which blue-rock pigeons are flying in clouds.

A herd of fine shorthorn cows have arranged themselves in a row to look at us. A healthful,

"caller" country lassie is milking one. Her name is Mary; I heard a ploughboy say "Mary" to her. Mary is singing low as she milks, and the sleek-sided cow is chewing her cud and meditating.

Yonder is a field of white peas all in bloom, and yonder a field of pale-green flax.

It must be a great satisfaction for those pigeons to see those peas in bloom.

"Good night, Mary."

"Good night, sir."

Away marches Mary, singing, "Tra, la, lalla, la lah."

What a sweet voice the little maiden has!

CHAPTER XI.—A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

It has occurred to me that a slightly more detailed account of the internal economy of our land-yacht, the Wanderer, might not prove devoid of interest to the reader, and I cannot give this in an easier way to myself, nor more completely, than by describing a day in the life of a gentleman gipsy.

It is the ninth of July, and early morning. The belfry-clock, which we can see from the meadow in which we have been lying all night, will presently chime out the quarter-past six. Foley is busy erecting the after-tent under which I have my bath every morning, as sure as sunrise. In a few minutes, ere ever I have finished my toilet, our coachman will be here for oats and beans for Corn-flower and Pea-blossom. No fear that John will neglect his horses, he is quite as kind to them as I myself am to Bob and Polly, and now that Pea-blossom's fetlock is slightly strained, it is three times a day most carefully bandaged and rubbed with healing liniment.

The bed which is made every night on the sofa is not yet taken up, but as soon as I emerge from the back door and enter the tent my valet enters by the saloon front door, the bedclothes are carried outside, carefully shaken and folded, and finally stowed away under the lockers. The saloon is then brushed and dusted and the cloth laid for breakfast.

Bob sleeps on the driving-apron in the corner of the saloon, Polly in her cage occupies another corner. The first thing I do every morning is to hang Polly under the balcony, and chain Bob on the dicky, wrapping him in his red blanket if the weather be chilly. He is there now; ominous warning growls are followed by fierce barking, for some one is nearing the caravan whose looks Bob does not like, or whose movements he deems suspicious. At every bark of the brave dog the van shakes and the lamp-glasses rattle.

I have finished shaving—water boiled by spirits-of-wine.

"The bath all ready? thank you, Foley."

Do not imagine that I carry an immense tin-ware bath in the Wanderer. No, a gipsy's bath is a very simple arrangement, but it is very delightful. This is the *modus operandi*. I have a great sponge and a bucket of cold water, newly drawn from the nearest well. This morning the water is actually ice-cold, but I am hungry before I have

finished sponging, so benefit must result from so bracing an ablution.

Foley has laid the cloth. The kettle is boiling, the eggs and rashers are ready to put in the frying-pan, the Rippingille oil-stove is in a little tent made of mats under the caravan. There is nothing in the shape of cooking this stove will not perform.

Now Bob must have his early run, and while I am walking with him, I cull a bunch of the seedling grasses Polly loves so well, for I believe with Norman McLeod, D.D. "I think nothing of that man's religion," said that truly great and good man, "whose cat and dog are not the better for it."

We have not a caravan cat, but Polly is an excellent substitute.

I return and once more fasten Bob on the dicky, but he now insists on having the front door open that he may watch me at breakfast and get the tit-bits. How bright, and clean, and pleasant the saloon looks! There are garden flowers in the crystal boat, and a splendid bouquet of wild flowers and ferns that I culled in the woods yesterday morning stands in the bracket beneath one of the windows; crimson foxgloves there are, rare and beautiful ox-eye daisies, and a score of others of every colour and shade.

The sun is streaming in through the panes and shimmering on the red lamp glasses; the table is laid to perfection, the tea is fragrant, the eggs and bacon done to a turn, and the bread as white as snow. The milk, too, is newly from that very cow who was playing the trombone so noisily last night in the meadow near me, and the butter all that could be desired. And yet some of these dainties are wondrous cheap up here in Yorks; for that butter we paid but elevenpence a pound, fourteen new-laid eggs we secured for a shilling, the bacon but sixpence, while threehalfpence buys me a jugful of the richest of milk. Who would not be a gipsy?

But breakfast is soon discussed and everything cleared away, the spoons and dishes are washed beneath the tent, the hind tables having been let down to facilitate matters. In half an hour or less the pantry is as bright and tidy as eye could wish to see. The tent itself is taken down and stowed away, the ladder is shipped and secured, buckets and mats, and nosebags and chains fastened beneath the caravan, then the steps are put up, and the after door closed and locked. The horses are now put to; I myself have one last walk round the Wanderer to see that everything is in its place and no drawer left unlocked, then away we rattle right gaily O!

To-day the gate that leads to the meadow is narrow, it does not give us two inches to spare at each side. I have to walk backwards in front of the horses to guide the coachman in his exit. But John has a keen eye, and in a few moments we are in the road.

Nothing has been forgotten, and the landlord of the Stalled Ox gives us kindly good morning and wishes us *bon voyage*. More than one friendly hand is waved, too, and some hats are lifted, for the good people, having soon settled in their

minds that we were neither in the Cheap Jack line nor Salvation soldiers, have promoted me to the dignity of baronet. This is nothing new. Some scions of nobility are actually caravanning around somewhere, and I am often supposed to be one of them.

I travel *incog.*, and do not care whom I am taken for, whether Cheap Jack, noble earl, or political agent. I now let down the front seat, and Hurricane Bob withdraws to the quiet seclusion of the pantry, where he rests on cushions to fend him from the jolting.

Pea-blossom invariably nudges Corn-flower with her nose before starting. This is to make him straighten out and take the first pull at the caravan. He never refuses, and once it is in motion they both settle soberly down to their work.

Foley is on ahead with the tricycle—some hundred yards. This is a judicious and handy arrangement. We hardly know how we should have done without our smart and beautiful Ranelagh Club machine.

The day will be a warm one. It is now eight o'clock, the road is level and firm, and we hope to reach Darlington—sixteen miles—to-night.

The country is flat again, but the landscape is bounded by far-off blue hills.

The roses still accompany us in the hedgerows. There is even a greater wealth of them to-day than usual, while the sward at each side of our path still looks like a garden laid out in beds and patches of brightest colours.

There is nothing of very special interest to view in this long town of Northallerton, not in the streets at all events. Last night, though, we were visited by hundreds of well-dressed people; many of these were really beautiful girls, though here the beauty is of a different type from that you find far south. More of the Saxon probably, and a sprinkling of the auburn-haired Dane.

For weeks I have cared but little how the world wagged. With an apathy and listlessness born of bracing air and sunshine, I have troubled myself not at all about foreign wars or the fall of governments, but to-day I have invested in a "Yorkshire Post." I arrange my rugs on the dicky, and lying down, dreamily scan my paper as the horses go trotting along. I have plenty of work to do if I choose, bundles of proof to correct from my publishers, but—I'll do it by-and-by. By-and-by is a gipsy's motto. There is no news in this day's paper. What care I that Oko Jumbo has departed, or that there has been a royal visit to Leeds. Bah! I fold the thing up and pitch it to a cow-boy. Had it fallen in that cow-boy's mouth it would hardly have filled it.

The road is silent and almost deserted, so we see but few people saving those who run to their garden gates, or peep from behind the geraniums in windows.

But it is most pleasant lolling here on such a glorious morning, and the veriest trifles that I notice in passing awaken a kind of drowsy interest in my mind.

In proof of this let me mention a few. A country boy playing with a collie puppy. Puppy

nearly gets run over. Agony and anxiety of country boy. Red-tiled brick cottages peeping up through orchards. Red-tiled cottages everywhere, by hedgerows, by brook-sides, in meadows, on morsels of moorland. A sweep in full costume, brush and all, standing glaring from under a broad Scotch bonnet. A yellow-haired wee lassie standing in a doorway eating a slice of bread; she has not finished her toilet, for she wears but one stocking, the other shapely leg is bare. Great banks of elder-trees covered with snowy blossoms. A quiet and pretty farm-stead near the road, its garden ablaze with crimson valerian. Milch cows in the adjacent meadow, ankle deep in yellow celandine and daisies. A flock of lambs in a field lying down under the shade of a great sycamore, the sycamore itself a sight worth seeing.

And now we are on the top of Lovesome Hill. What a charming name, by the way! Spread out before and beneath us is a large and fertile plain, fields and woodlands, as far as ever the eye can reach, all slumbering in the sweet summer sunshine. In the distance a train is speeding along, we can trace it by its trailing smoke. I had almost forgotten we lived in the days of railway trains. There is a red-brick village on the hill-top straight ahead of us.

That must be Smeaton. Smeaton? Yes, now I remember, and the lovely fertile plain yonder, that now looks so green and smiling, hides in its bosom the dust of an army. History tells us that ten thousand Scotchmen were there slain.* I can fancy the terrible tulzie, I can people that plain even now in imagination with men in battle array, I see the banners wave, and hear the border slogan cry:

"And now at weapon-point they close,
Scarce can they hear or see their foes;
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword's-sway and lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if man fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
And triumph and despair."

But here we are in Smeaton itself—grass or a garden at every cottage. This village would make a capital health resort. We stop to water the horses, and though it is hardly ten o'clock I feel hungry already.

Clear of the village, and on and on. A nice old lady in spectacles tending cows and knitting, singing low to herself as she does so. An awful-looking old man, in awful-looking goggles, breaking stones by the roadside. I address the awful-looking old man.

"Awful-looking old man," I say, "did ever you hear of the Battle of the Standard?"

"Naa."

"Did you never hear or read that a battle was fought near this spot?"

* The Battle of the Standard, fought in 1138, in which the Scottish army was routed, and the flower of the land left dead on the field.

The awful-looking old man scratched his head. "Coomie ta think on't noo, there was summut o' th' kind, but it's soome years ago. There war more 'n a hoondred cocks. A regular main as ye might call it."

I pass on and leave the old man muttering to himself. Pine-woods on our right mingling with the lighter green of the feathery larches. A thunder-cloud hanging over a town in the plains far away. A duck-pond completely surrounded by trailing roses. Ducks in the pond all head down, tails and yellow feet up. Road suddenly becomes a lovers' lane, charmingly pretty, and robins are singing in the copses. We are just five miles from Darlington.

We stable our horses at a roadside inn and Foley cooks the dinner.

How very handy sheets of paper come in! Look at that snow-white tablecloth—that is paper; so is the temporary crumb-cloth, and eke my table-napkin; but in fifty other ways in a caravan paper is useful.

The dinner to-day is cold roast beef and floury new potatoes; add to this a delightful salad, and we have a *menu* a millionaire might not despise.

I write up my log while dinner is cooking, and after that meal has been discussed comes the hour for reading and siesta.

Now the horses are once more put to, and we start again for Darlington. We pass through the charming village of Croft; it lies on the banks of the Tees, and is a spa of some kind and well worthy of being a better-frequented resort for the health or pleasure seeker.

The treescapes, the wood and water peeps, are fine just before you reach Darlington. This town itself is one of the prettiest in England. Fully as big but infinitely more beautiful even than Reading.

Wherever we stop we are surrounded by people, so we make haste to shake the dust of civilisation from our carriage-wheels, and are happy when we once more breathe country air, and see neither perambulators nor boarding-school girls.

At the top of a hill some two miles out of town we come upon a cosy wee hotel—the Harrogate Hill Hotel.

"'Ave little convenience," says the landlord, in his broad Durham brogue, "but A'll clear anoother stall, and A'll turn t'ould pony oot o' his. A'll mak' room."

And the Wanderer is steered up a narrow lane and safely landed in a tiny meadow, o'ergrown with rank green grass and docks and sheltered with fine elms and ashes. And here we lie to-night.

Supper will soon be ready, I shall have a ride on my tricycle; there is always something to see; then beds will be made, shutters put up. I will read and write, while Foley in his cabin will write up his road-log, and by eleven every one on board will be wrapped, we hope, in dreamless slumber.

This then is a true and faithful account of one day in the life of a gentleman gipsy. Quiet and uneventful, but very pleasant, almost idyllic.

Do you care for the picture, reader?

CHAPTER XII.—AT DURHAM—THE BRITISH MINER AT HOME—GOSFORTH—AMONG NORTHUMBRIAN BANKS—ACROSS THE TWEED.

JULY 11TH.—A six-miles drive, through some of the most charming scenery in England, brought us into Durham. The city looks very imposing from the hill-top; its noble old castle, and grand yet solemn looking cathedral. Eight hundred years of age! What a terrible story they could tell could those grey old piles but speak! It would be a very sad one to listen to. Perhaps they do talk to each other at the midnight hour, when the city is hushed and still.

It would take one a week, or even a fortnight, to see all the sights about Durham; he would hardly in that time, methinks, be tired of the walks around the town and by the banks of the winding Weir.

It is a rolling country, a hilly land around here. The people, by the way, call those hills banks. We had a hard day. John's gloves were torn with the reins, for driving was no joke. I fear, however, the horses hardly enjoyed the scenery.

The streets in Durham are badly paved and dangerously steep. We did not dare to bring the Wanderer through, therefore, but made a sylvan detour and got on the north road again beyond.

If we reckoned upon encamping last night in a cosy meadow once more we were mistaken, we were glad to get standing room close to the road and behind a little public-house.

Miners going home from their work in the evening passed us in scores. I cannot say they look picturesque, but they are blithe and active, and would make capital soldiers. Their legs were bare from their knees downwards, their hats were skull-caps, and all visible flesh was as black almost as a nigger's.

Many of these miners, washed and dressed, returned to this public-house, drank and gambled till eleven, then went outside and fought cruelly.

The long rows of grey-slab houses one passes on leaving Durham by road do not look inviting. For miles we passed through a mining district, a kind of black country—a country, however, that would be pleasant enough, with its rolling hills, its fine trees and wild hedgerows, were it not for the dirt and squalor and poverty one sees signs of everywhere on the road. Every one and everything looks grey and grimy, and many of the children, but especially the women, have a woe-begone, grief-stricken look that tells its own tale.

I greatly fear that intemperance is rampant enough in some of these villages, and the weaker members of the family have to suffer for it.

Here is an old wrinkled yellow woman sitting on a doorstep. She is smoking a short black clay, perhaps her only comfort in life. A rough-looking man, with a beard of one week's growth, appears behind and rudely stirs her with his foot. She totters up and nearly falls as he brushes past unheeding.

Yonder are two tiny girls, also sitting on a doorstep, one about seven, the other little more than a baby. An inebriated man—can it be the father?—comes along the street and stops in front of them. He wants to get in.

"Git oot o' t'way," he shouts to the oldest.

His leg is half lifted as if to kick.

"And thou too"—this to the baby.

One can easily imagine what sort of a home those poor children have. It cannot be a very happy one.

More pleasant to notice now a window brilliant with flowers, and a clean and tidy woman rubbing the panes.

On and on through beautiful scenery, with peeps at many a noble mansion in the distance. Only the landscape is disfigured by unsightly mine machinery, and the trees are all a-blurr with the smoky haze that lies around them.

The country around the village of Birtley is also very pretty. A mile beyond from the hill-top the view is grand, and well worth all this tiring day's drag to look upon.

Everywhere on the roadside are groups of miners out of work, lying on the grass asleep or talking.

The dust is trying to the nerves to-day; such a black dust it is, too.

We stop at Birtley. I trust I shall never stop there again.

"No, there is no stabling here;" thus spoke a slattern whom I addressed.

"Water t' hosses. Dost think I'd give thee water. Go and look for t' well."

Some drunken miners crowded round.

"For two pins," one said, "I'd kick the horses. Smartly I would."

He thought better of it, however.

We pushed on in hopes of getting stabling and perhaps a little civility.

We pushed on right through Gateshead and Newcastle and three miles farther to the pleasant village of Gosforth before we found either.

Gosforth is a village of villas, and here we have found all the comfort a gipsy's heart could desire.

We are encamped on a breezy common in sight of the Cheviot Hills, and here we will lie till Tuesday morning for the sake of our horses if not ourselves.

I shall never forget the kindly welcome I received here from the Spanish Consul.

* * * * *

July 14th.—Down tumbled the mercury yesterday morning, and down came the rain in torrents, the rattling rushing noise it made on the roof of the Wanderer being every now and then drowned in the pealing of the thunder. But this morning the air is delightfully cool, the sky is bright, the atmosphere clear, and a gentle breeze is blowing. Left Gosforth early. The country at first was somewhat flat, sparsely treed, well cultivated and clean.

The first village we passed through is called, I think, Three Mile Bridge. It is quite a mining place, far from wholesome, but the children looked healthy, a fact which is due, doubtless, to the bracing pure air they breathe. All are bare-legged and shoeless, from the lad or lass of fifteen down to the month-old kicking baby.

Came to a splendid park and lodge gates, the latter surmounted by two bulls couchant; I do not care to know to whom the domain belongs.

I find it is best not to be told who lives in the beautiful mansions I am passing every day in my journey due north. I can people them all in imagination. A name might banish every morsel of romance, from the finest castle that peeps through the greenery of trees in some glen, or stands boldly out in the sunshine of some steep hill or braeland.

By eleven o'clock we had done ten miles and entered Morpeth.

Now, O! ye health-seekers or intending honeymoon enjoyers—why not go for a month to Morpeth? It lies on the banks of the winding Wansbeck, it is but four miles from the ocean; it is quaint, quiet, curious, hills everywhere, wood and water everywhere; it has the remains of a grand old castle on the hill-top, and a gaol that looks like one. Accommodation? did you say. What a sublunary thought, but Morpeth has capital lodging-houses and good inns, so there!

We caught our first glimpse of the sea to-day away on our right.

We had hoped to stay at Felton, a romantic little village on the river. Partly in a deep dell it lies, partly on a hill; rocks and wooded knolls with shady walks by the streamlet-side make it well suited for a summer resort, but it is hardly known. Not to Londoners, certainly.

Stabling we could have here, but so hilly is the place that a flat meadow was looked for in vain. After spending a whole hour searching for accommodation I returned to the glen where I had left the Wanderer, and our poor tired horses had to go on again.

Hills, hills, hills, that seemed as if they never would end; hills that take the heart, and life, and spirit out of the horses and make my heart bleed for them. The beauty of the scenery cannot comfort me now, nor the glory of the wild flowers, nor the blue sea itself. We but lag along, hoping, praying, that a hostelry of some sort may soon heave in sight.

I am riding on in front, having often to dismount and push my cycle before me.

All at once on a hill-top, with a beautiful green valley stretching away and away towards the sea, I come upon the cosiest wee Northumbrian inn ever I wish to see. I telegraph back the joyful tidings to the weary Wanderer.

Yes, there is stabling and hay, and straw, and everything that can be desired.

"Hurrah! Come on, Bob, I feel as happy now as a gipsy king."

July 15th.—The drag began this morning in earnest. We were among the banks* of Northumbria. With a light carriage they are bad enough, but with a two-ton waggon, small in wheel and long in 'twixt draughts, the labour, not to say danger, reaches a maximum. The country here is what a cockney would term a mountainous one, and in some parts of it even a Scotchman would feel inclined to agree with him. At one time we would be down at the bottom of some gloomy defile, where the road crossed over a

Gothic bridge, and a wimpling stream went laughing over its rocky bed till lost to sight among overhanging trees.

Down in that defile we would eye with anxious hearts the terrible climb before us.

"Can we do it?" That is the question.

"We must try." That is the answer.

The roller is fastened carefully behind a back wheel and "Hip!" away we go, the horses tearing, tottering, scraping, almost falling.

And now we are up and pause to look thankfully, fearfully back while the horses stand panting, the sweat running in streamlets over their hoofs.

The short banks are more easily rushed. It is a long steep hill that puts us in danger.

There is hardly probably a worse hill or a more dangerous hollow than that just past the castle gate of Alnwick.

It needed a stout heart to try the descent. Easy indeed that descent would have been had a horse fallen, for neither the break, which I now had sole charge of, nor the skid, could have prevented the great van from launching downwards.

But the ascent was still more fraught with danger. It was like climbing a roof top. Could the horses do it this time?

Impossible. They stagger half way up, they stagger and claw the awful hill, and stop.

No, not stop, for see, the caravan has taken charge and is moving backwards, dragging the horses down.

The roller and a huge stone beneath the wheels prevented an ugly accident and the complete wreck of the Wanderer. Twelve sturdy Northumbrians went on behind and helped us up. The road ascends higher and higher after we pass Alnwick, until at last we find ourselves on the brow of a lofty hill. There is an eminence to the right covered with young firs; near it is a square tower of great strength, but only a ruin. The traveller who does not see the country from this knoll misses one of the grandest sights in England. From the lone Cheviot mountains on the left to the sea itself on the far-off right round and round it is all beautiful.

I had stayed long enough in Alnwick to see the town and "sights;" the latter is a hateful word, but I have no better ready.

I was greatly impressed by the massive grandeur of the noble old castle, the ancient home of the Percys. The figures of armed men on the ramparts, some holding immense stones above the head, as if about to hurl them on an assailant, others in mail jackets with hatchet and pike, are very telling. I could not help thinking as I passed through the gloomy gateways and barbican of the many prisoners whose feet had brushed these very stones in "the brave days of old."

Of my further journey to the Tweed I must not at present speak; but we reached Berwick safely at last, where we stayed a day or two to recruit ere advancing on our cruise to the far north of Scotland, for I meant to cross even the Grampians if possible and end at Inverness.

* Bank—a stiff hill.



Oh, Santa Claus is a friend indeed,
The little ones love him dearly;
He knows so exactly what they need,
In the tiniest stockings his eyes can read
The wants of the owners clearly.

With thoughts of his gifts their dreams are bright
As they wonder where he is hiding,
And how he can do so much in a night,
From the realms of the Frost King cold and white
On the wings of the north wind riding.

There are presents for all in his splendid store,
But nobody feels quite certain
Which way he goes when his task is o'er,
Whether up the chimney or under the door,
Or through a chink in the curtain.

"We *knew* he would come," the children say
As they reckon their new-found pleasures;
"It wouldn't have seemed like Christmas Day
If Santa Claus had not found a way
To leave us some of his treasures!"

And grown-up children, who walk by sight,
Their innocent trust might borrow,
And leave their wishes in faith at night
Before the Giver of all delight,
To find them filled on the morrow!

M. R.

OCEAN SPEED :

STEAMSHIPS AND SAILING-VESSELS.

II.—INDIAN AND AUSTRALIAN ROUTES; CHINA, SOUTH AFRICA, THE WEST INDIES, AND SOUTH AMERICA.

SO far we have spoken only of steamships running between Europe and America. We propose now to give some notes of the speeds that obtain on other lines of traffic.

Before the Suez Canal was opened for navigation in 1869, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company enjoyed almost a monopoly in the conveyance of passengers between this country and India, China, Japan, and Australia. After that date other companies began to compete with them, and the competition is now very severe. It must, however, be said that the older company possess so fine a fleet of liners, that but for their detentions at intermediate ports, and for very many hours at some of them, they could steam between their terminals more quickly than the majority of their rivals; but, to economise fuel, they are compelled to reserve about 25 per cent. of their driving-power. They are now propelled at the average rate of 12 knots per hour on their Australian, and about 11 knots an hour on their Indian line, and a little less on their line to the far East.

From the records of twenty-six voyages from the port of London and fifteen back in 1883-4 *viâ* Malta, Suez, Colombo, King George's Sound, and Adelaide, it appears that then the average outward steaming time to Australia was 39'63 days, and 41'49 days on the homeward voyage. The quickest of the outward voyages was performed by the Valetta in 37'74, and the Ballarat in 38'1 days. The fastest runs on the homeward voyage were made by the Rome in 39'26, and in 40'54 days. According to the time-table of this company, it appears that about 47 days are required to make the voyage from Tilbury, near London, to Melbourne; and about 48 days for the homeward journey, including all detentions at Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, King George's Sound, and Adelaide. The mails are conveyed *viâ* Brindisi, leaving London eight days after the departure of the steamer from Tilbury, and picking up the outward steamer at Suez. At special rates first-class passengers can join the steamers by the overland route, and only 2 days 5 hours and 15 minutes are required to reach Brindisi by the Indian mail service from London without entering Paris. From Brindisi passengers go to Alexandria by a branch steamer of the company, which arrives there in three days after leaving the former place, and they then proceed by rail to Suez, and embark in the main line ocean steamer there. No luggage is allowed to be taken by the overland route beyond a hand-bag; and only first-class passengers, who have taken international sleeping car tickets at high extra rates are allowed to leave by the Indian mail train at Charing Cross on Friday evenings: all other passengers must start at least twelve hours earlier.

The passenger receipts of the P. and O. Company amounted last year to £815,000, being an increase of nearly £223,000 over the amount received in 1880; while the distance run was 2,345,862 miles, and the coal consumed over 400,000 tons, at a cost of about half a million of money. The present value of the ships of the company is £2,658,000.

The Messageries Maritimes de France, which, like the P. and O. Company, receives a large subsidy from the Government, is a formidable competitor for passenger traffic to India, China, Japan, and Australia. The average time of the voyages by the steamers of the French company from Marseilles to Melbourne is 42 days, and the return voyage about 40 or 41 days, including detentions at Suez, Aden, Réunion, Mauritius, and Adelaide. The steaming time of the ships on this line is about 12 knots an hour.

The steamers of the Orient Line to Australia from London and Plymouth, and which only stop at Naples, Port Said, and Adelaide between Plymouth and Melbourne, have made the quickest voyages to and from Australia. According to the "Shipping Gazette" for 1883, the Austral ran from Plymouth to Melbourne, a distance of 11,162 miles, *viâ* Suez, in 32 days 14 hours and 49 minutes; Cape Town to Plymouth, 6,202 miles, in 17 days 22 hours and 2 minutes; and from Plymouth to St. Vincent, 2,252 miles, in 6 days 3 hours and 45 minutes. The steamer Orient has run from Plymouth to Adelaide, *viâ* Suez, in 31 days 23 hours and 43 minutes; and *viâ* Cape in 35 days. From Plymouth to the Cape has also been performed by this ship in 17 days and 20 hours. Adelaide to Plymouth has also been run by the Liguria, *viâ* Suez, in 33 days and 16 hours; and Gibraltar to Plymouth in 3 days and 4½ hours; and Plymouth to Melbourne, *viâ* Cape, in 37 days 17 hours and 10 minutes. On several occasions mails by the Orient Line posted in London, *viâ* Suez, have been landed in Melbourne in 31 days, having been carried as far as Egypt by the P. and O. Company's Indian service. The Austral landed them there on the 30th day. This last mentioned vessel is probably the fastest out of the New York service, and is capable of steaming from Plymouth to Adelaide, with one stoppage only, in 28 days.

The Aberdeen Line steamships between London and Australia commenced running in 1882. Their average voyages from Plymouth to Australia are from 40 to 43 days. It is the rule of these vessels to steam to the antipodes without recoaling. They sometimes, however, stop at the Cape for fresh provisions only.

There are two excellent lines of passenger steamers recently started between London and New Zealand, one of which belongs to the New Zealand Shipping Company and the other to

Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, the ships on which are run monthly from the terminal ports, and the passages between them on both lines are generally made within 45 days. The outward voyages are made from Plymouth *via* the Cape of Good Hope, and the homeward, which is the shorter of the two, by Cape Horn. The ships of both lines steam at a speed of $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 13 knots per hour. The runs from Teneriffe to Hobart of 10,266 miles, and from New Zealand to Rio de Janeiro of 6,750 miles, without coaling, are exceedingly creditable performances. The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company have made more than one voyage from Plymouth to New Zealand, a distance of 13,000 miles, without detention for taking in fuel, and from New Zealand to Plymouth in 35 days 3 hours and 40 minutes actual steaming time, which is the fastest voyage on record.

The Aorangi, of the New Zealand Shipping Company, made the voyage between New Zealand and Plymouth in 37 days 10 hours and 40 minutes steaming time. The Tongariro steamer performed the round voyage—the circle of the world, 24,165 miles—at an average speed, actual steaming time, of 12.8 knots per hour. On both voyages, 12,410 miles outwards and 11,725 homewards, she was out 102 days, 24 of which were spent in port. This last mentioned ship has since run from New Zealand to Plymouth in less than 36 days, steaming time. New Zealand about sixty years ago could only be reached from England in four months, after struggling with the calms and gales of three great oceans; and for a long time subsequently about 120 days were required to make a voyage to Australia and New Zealand. The homeward passage was often made at a slower rate, as there was the dreadful winter, with its gigantic icebergs, off Cape Horn to encounter. The blinding easterly hurricanes of snow and spray compelled the vessels to "heave to" for sometimes days. All this has now changed, and the time may not be far distant when passages can be made between this country and New Zealand in a calendar if not in a lunar month.

The American overland route to New Zealand and Australia is gradually progressing in use and appreciation, but the time occupied in traversing it is still too long to satisfy some requirements. About 10 days are taken for the voyage from Liverpool to New York, $7\frac{1}{4}$ days for the railway journey from the latter city to San Francisco, $5\frac{3}{4}$ days more to Honolulu, 17 days longer to Auckland, New Zealand, and 2 further days to Sydney, New South Wales, making the time from Liverpool to New Zealand 42 days, and to New South Wales 45 days.

On the India line the ships of the P. and O. Company make the voyage from Tilbury to Bombay in about 26 days, and in the same time on the return voyage, while to Calcutta it extends to about 38 days. On certain homeward voyages two days are to be allowed for the monsoon between Ceylon and Aden, and two between Bombay and Suez. The steamers of the Messageries Maritimes de France Company make the passage to and from Marseilles and Calcutta in about $31\frac{1}{2}$ days. The average speed of the

passenger steamers of the Star Line between Liverpool and Calcutta is about $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour when against the monsoon, and about 11 knots when with it. The quickest passage between Liverpool and Calcutta, a distance of 7,886 miles, was made by the steamer Mira, of this line, in 28 days 17 hours and 37 minutes, including all stoppages. The average passage from Liverpool to Calcutta is about 32 days.

The General Italian Navigation Company run some very good and powerful English-built steamers monthly between Naples and Bombay, a distance steamed in 19 days, including five stoppages.

The speed of the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company between Trieste and Bombay averages only 10 knots an hour.

On the China lines three days extra are to be allowed on certain steamship voyages outwards for the monsoon between Suez and Shanghai, and two between Shanghai and Hong Kong, while on certain homeward passages as many as four days are to be allowed for the same interruption between Shanghai and Suez, one between Hong Kong and Singapore, and one between Penang and Ceylon. The ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company are about 46 days in making the voyage between Tilbury and Shanghai, and *vice versa*, and about 41 or 43 days to and from Hong Kong. The route to and from these Chinese ports from Marseilles is traversed by the steamers of the Messageries Maritimes de France Company in 42 and 39 days respectively. Neither of these companies run their steamers as quickly on their Chinese lines as on their routes to India and Australia.

Steamers to China of the Glen Line from London have been occasionally driven at 13 knots, some at 14 knots, and one, the Glenoyle, at 15 knots an hour. The last steamer made a voyage from Woosung to London in 33 days. The owners of this line have had the first steamer to London from Hankow in the tea-ship race except on two occasions.

By far the quickest steamship runs for a long distance ever performed, were two races with cargoes of tea by the Stirling Castle, which then belonged to Skinner's China Line, and which ship has been rechristened the Nord-America, and was engaged for an armed cruiser by the Government during the recently expected war with Russia. The two tea-races of this steamer caused such a great sensation among the shipping community that a detailed account of the second, and the quicker race, is likely to be interesting.

The Stirling Castle was built by the well-known firm of John Elder and Co., of Glasgow, who has built the last three Cunarders, celebrated for their surpassing speed. This tea-ship, though not exceeding 4,500 tons gross register, was fitted with engines of 7,000 effective horse-power. On the 22nd of May, 1883, at 4 a.m., she started on her voyage from Hankow, close to Shanghai, with a cargo of 5,400 tons of the first of the new season's tea, and arrived at Singapore on the 29th, at 1 p.m., and after being detained for coaling there for 15 hours she sailed for Suez, where she arrived

on the 12th of June at 1.30 p.m. She coaled at Port Said, and steamed from there on the 14th of June at 6.30 a.m., passed Gravesend on the 22nd at 1 p.m., and docked an hour afterwards, thus performing the voyage from Shanghai to the London Docks, including all detentions, in 31 days and 10 hours, and 29 days 2 hours steaming time. On this voyage she was quicker by 19 hours and 5 minutes than the tea-race she ran in the previous year. A passenger who came with this steamer said that he arrived at Suez two hours in advance of the mail which left Shanghai 16 days before her. He took the mail-boat at Suez and proceeded to London *via* the overland route, and arrived there three days before the Stirling Castle, making the journey from Shanghai to London in 26 days and 15 hours.

This steamer ran at an average speed of 16 knots an hour in ordinary circumstances. Her daily runs against the south-west monsoon ranged from 371 to 401 miles. The engines were never slowed by the captain's orders from Singapore to the pilot coming on board for the Suez Canal, and at Dungeness for the port of London, and only by the engineer about three hours in the whole race. We are informed "that this is by far the quickest run ever known in the history of navigation for a long distance. Though an average speed of 16 knots an hour was made for the whole voyage, there were times when we made over 19 knots, coming up to the speed of the trial trip."

For Japan, passengers proceed by branch steamers from Hong Kong, which run to Nagasaki, Hiogo, and Yokohama, but only at moderate speed. The American overland route to Japan appears to be the quickest to that country, as the distance can be performed from Liverpool in 34 days. It is understood that when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed the time in going between Japan and England will be greatly reduced, not only on account of the Atlantic end of this railway being much nearer Liverpool than New York, but by the great acceleration of the Pacific steamship service, which will probably be effected from the other terminus of the railway at Port Moody to Yokohama.

On the South African line from Southampton and Plymouth to Cape Town, the Union Steamship Company run an excellent fleet of steamers, as the Castle Mail Packets Company does from Dartmouth. The Moor, of the former company, appears to have made the quickest run both on the outward as well as the homeward voyage. The steaming time of this ship from Plymouth to Cape Town, a distance of 5,913 miles, was 18 days 10½ hours, while her rate of speed was 13¼ knots per hour. The Pretoria, Tartar, and Durban, also of the Union Line, have speed records on the outward voyage to nearly equal this. On the homeward voyage from Cape Town to Plymouth, on a rather shorter route, the Moor performed the distance in 17 days and 22 hours steaming time, at a speed of 13¾ knots an hour; the Durban in 18 days and 3 hours; the Mexican and Pretoria in 18 days and 6 hours, and the Arab in 18 days and 5 hours. The Castle Mail Packets Line cannot show equal speed records, though their fastest steamers ap-

proach them. The voyage from Dartmouth to Cape Town has been performed by the Hawarden Castle in 18 days 11½ hours; and the passage of the Grantully Castle from Cape Town to Dartmouth in 18 days 12 hours and 35 minutes. This ship has also been driven from Dartmouth to Madeira, a distance of 1,225 miles, in 3 days 17 hours and 40 minutes. The actual passage from Dartmouth to Madeira averages about 4 days; to St. Helena 14 days, and to Cape Town 20 days. From the latter place to St. Helena it is 6 days; 8 days to Ascension; 16 days to Madeira; 17 days to Lisbon, and 20 days to Plymouth.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was the first to establish mail steam communication between Europe and the West Indies. The service was commenced in 1842, and has continued ever since under covenant with her Majesty's Government for the conveyance of the mails. Their swiftest steamers on the West Indies line are the Para, Don, Medway, Moselle, and Nile, which are propelled at a high rate of speed, giving an average of about 12 knots an hour.

Other companies run steamers between European ports and the West Indies. The liners of the General Transatlantic Company from St. Nazaire are propelled at the rate of about 11 knots an hour; while the ships of the West India and Pacific Steamship Company only make their voyages at the rate of 10½ knots per hour, and those of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company about 10 knots.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company also appear to run the quickest steamers on the Brazils and River Plate service, they being driven at the same rate as their West Indian liners. This company were the first to provide steam communication with the eastern coast of South America, having opened the service in 1851, under contract with her Majesty's Government. The best steamers in the service for speed are the Tagus, La Plata, Elbe, and Neva.

The speed of their steamers, however, is closely approached by those of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, trading between Liverpool and the east and west coasts of South America, and by the better liners of the Messageries Maritimes de France, running between Bordeaux and east coast ports. The run from Lisbon to Rio has been made by the steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, without stopping at any intermediate port, in 15 days, and 18 days on the return voyage. The quickest steamships of the Messageries Maritimes de France Company, which start from Bordeaux, take 16 days and 21 hours on the outward voyage from Lisbon to Rio, after stopping at Dakar to coal.

Messrs. Lamport and Holt, of Liverpool, dispatch a passenger boat every fortnight direct to the River Plate at an average speed of 12 knots an hour. The steamships of the North German Lloyds on their East Coast of South America line, which run from Bremen *via* Antwerp to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, are propelled at the rate of 11 knots an hour. There are no high speed runs between the ports of the east and west coasts of South America, nor between such important

ports as Valparaiso and Callao on the west coast. Indeed, the stoppages at so many South Pacific ports of America render voyages between Panama and Valparaiso as tedious as they are on the west coast of Africa, but innumerable requirements necessitate this disadvantage.

Among the quickest ships in the American mercantile marine are the Mexico, Oaxaca, and Tam-aulipos of the Mexican Transatlantic Company, trading between European ports and Vera Cruz, capable of steaming nearly 16 knots. The State of California, of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, can be propelled at $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and the San Pablo and San Pedro, of the Pacific Improvement Company, at 14 knots. The other American steamers of about the same speed are the best steamers of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company, running between San Francisco and Yokohama; and the quicker liners of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, trading between San Francisco and Australia; and the best-engined ships of the Red Star Line, running between the United States ports and Antwerp.

The Arabic, of the White Star Line, has made the passage between San Francisco and Yokohama in 13 days and 21 hours; and the Oceanic, another steamer of the same line, has done the voyage in 14 days and 5 hours.

Whatever may be said in favour of increasing the speed of steamships, the prodigious expense of driving them in excess of 16 knots an hour is more than their owners can afford; and it is therefore questionable whether the maximum speed capacity has not been practically attained, as passengers will not pay much higher passage rates for the advantage of more rapid steamship travelling. This is evident when we learn that the quantity of coal consumed by the Oregon and Etruria in making their swiftest passages between New York and Queenstown approached 300 tons a day, against about 80 or 100 burnt in the best steamers of the White Star Line, which have made the passage in less than an additional day's time to the most rapid voyages of these new Cunarders.

III.—SAILING VESSELS AND WAR-SHIPS.

While steamships have thus multiplied during the last twenty years, little if any improvement has been made in sailing vessels to accelerate their speed. The average time of the voyages of sailing vessels to and from Australia and New Zealand is from 79 to 85 days. They go to the antipodes *via* the Cape of Good Hope, and return *via* Cape Horn, to avail themselves of favourable winds.

The clippers of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Line, Devitt and Moore's Line, Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, and Co.'s Line, the Aberdeen Line, and the White Star Line to Australian and New Zealand ports are all excellent sailing vessels; but some of those on the Aberdeen Line, belonging to George Thompson and Co., appear to have the best speed records.

In 1868 the Thermopylæ made the fastest sailing-ship voyage on record from London to

Melbourne. In 26 consecutive days she sailed 7,100 knots, being an average of 273 knots a day, or a speed of 11'3 knots per hour. During one day she ran as many as 335 knots, equal to 14 knots per hour. On her second voyage she equalled this run, the only time in which such a quick voyage has been approached. According to the "Melbourne Argus" for January 24th, 1872, this ship sailed from London to Melbourne in 59 days; she then ran to Shanghai in 28 days, and thence made the voyage home with a cargo of tea to London in 88 days. This vessel has made her four outward voyages from the Isle of Wight to Cape Otway, near Melbourne, in 59, 69, 60, and 64 days. From her log-books it appears that her greatest speed when off the wind has been 17 knots per hour, and on a bow-line on passing through the trade winds 14 knots. The Aristides, now running between London and Melbourne, averages about $73\frac{1}{2}$ days.

The Patriarch sailed to Sydney from London in 69 days in 1869, a performance which does not seem to have been equalled. The best average sailing time to Sydney at the present time from London is about 79 days, which is performed by the Samuel Plimsoll.

The sailing ships of the White Star Line to Australia make good average passages. The fastest voyage appears to be one by the Hoghton Tower, which sailed from Liverpool to Melbourne in 1869 in 69 days. The Hesperus and Harbinger are two excellent antipodean clippers belonging to Anderson, Anderson, and Co. One has made the trip to Australia from London in 73 and the other in 74 days. The average voyage of the former sailing vessel is 81 days and of the latter 85 days. About the slowest passage made between British and Australian ports is 140 days.

At present there are no men-of-war which can rival in speed the quickest ocean merchant ships, though some very rapid cruisers have recently been built by Armstrong and Co., which closely approach them in speed; these are the Esmeralda, of the Chilean Navy, the Giovanni Bausan, of the Italian Navy, and the Naniwa-Kan and Takachiho-Kan, of the Japanese Navy. The rate at which these ships can be propelled is about $18\frac{1}{2}$ knots; but their coal-carrying capacity will not enable them to steam for more than five days at full speed, while the Etruria, Umbria, Oregon, America, and other merchant steamers, can be driven at a higher rate for a fortnight or more. I understand that two other cruisers of the same speed are being built by this firm for a foreign Power, and the Italians are building three improved Giovanni Bausans. The British Admiralty have been frequently censured for not ordering a higher speed than 17 knots an hour for the five belted cruisers of an improved Mersey type which are now being built; an additional speed of 1 knot is, however, to be given to the two new war-ships of this type, to be called the Immortalité and Aurora, and which will be constructed in the royal dock-yards. These seven ships will only, however, be provided with a fuel endurance to enable them to steam at full speed for about 2,000 knots. The speed of ironclads, with very few exceptions,

among which may be mentioned the Italia and Lepanto, of the Italian navy, the Conqueror, of the British navy, and the Riachuelo, of the Brazilian navy, which are 17-knot war-ships, is considerably less than that of naval cruisers. The average rate at which the small war craft, such as sloops, gun vessels, and gun-boats, can be propelled is less than 12 knots an hour, and the highest about 15½, though this last is not reached in the British navy. The vast majority of these small craft are useless as auxiliaries to a hostile sea-going squadron. Several improved small ships are being built for the navy of the torpedo-ram class, of about 1,500 tons displacement, which will be driven at about 16½ knots an hour for about a week without recoaling. They are designed to do the service of cruisers in time of peace, and of fast look-out craft and torpedo auxiliaries

in war time. With the ten modified "Scouts" now building the British navy will have a dozen of these small ships which will be well armed. The monster torpedo-ram Polyphemus can steam at 18 knots an hour. When going at full speed she can discharge a torpedo which can with certainty strike any stationary object at 600 yards, the speed of the torpedo being 21 knots an hour.

First-class sea-going torpedo boats, which are of about 70 tons displacement, are built to make 20 knots an hour and upwards. One of these boats was built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of London, for the Russian Government, and performed on her trial on the measured mile 22 knots an hour without any tide power to favour her. Such a performance astonished all naval powers, the more important of which have provided themselves with several boats of this type,

J. N. P.

GOLDSMITH'S "TRAVELLER."



THE "Leisure Hour" recently offered Two Prizes for the best series of Original Drawings illustrative of Goldsmith's Poem, "The Traveller." The illustrations on the page adjoining are a

* The first Prize was awarded to Miss M. T. Sadler, of Hackney, the second to Miss Agnes Malden, Ventnor. The initial which precedes this paper belongs to the first series, and illustrates these lines:

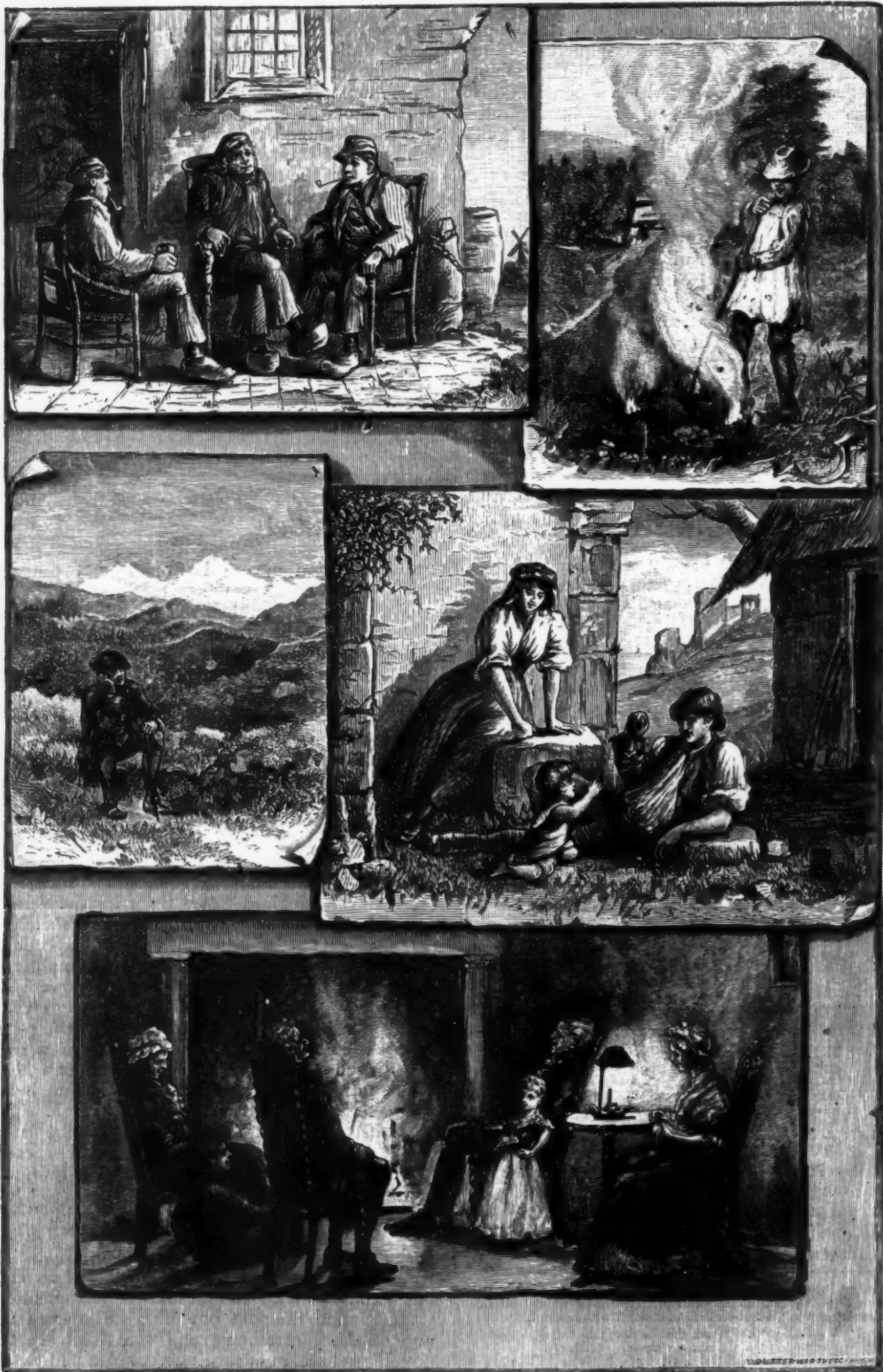
"Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
For'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main."

The second, third, and fourth pictures on the succeeding page, belong to the same series; the other two to the second.

selection arranged from the two series which obtained the prizes.*

The poem, beloved by all students of English literature, is one the lessons of which may be profitably pondered by all classes. It had much to do with the making of Goldsmith's fame. Everybody remembers how Dr. Johnson found poor Goldsmith once in great distress, arrested by his landlady for rent, and how, reading the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," he perceived its merit, went out and sold it, and bringing back the money discharged the debt. At this very time (says Washington Irving) he had also by him his poem of "The Traveller." The plan of it was conceived many years before, during his travels in Switzerland, and a sketch of it sent from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. The original outline is said to have embraced a wider scope; but it was probably contracted through diffidence, in the process of finishing the parts. It had lain by him for several years in a crude state, and it was with extreme hesitation, and after much revision, that he at length submitted it to Dr. Johnson. The frank and warm approbation of the latter encouraged him to finish it for the press; and Dr. Johnson himself contributed a few lines towards the conclusion.

We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling;" but Sir Joshua Reynolds gives an anecdote of Goldsmith while engaged upon his poem, calculated to cure our notions about the ardour of composition. Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him in the double occupation of turning a couplet, and teaching a pet dog to sit upon his haunches. At one time he would glance his eye at his desk, and at



SCENES FROM GOLDSMITH'S "TRAVELLER." (*Prize Drawings.*)

another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Goldsmith, with his usual good-humour, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza.

The poem was published on the 19th December, 1764, in a quarto form, by Newbery, and was the first of his works to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. As a testimony of cherished and well-merited affection, he dedicated it to his brother Henry. There is an amusing affectation of indifference as to its fate expressed in the dedication. "What reception a poem may find," says he, "which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know." The truth is, no one was more emulous and anxious for poetic fame; and never was he

more anxious than in the present instance, for it was his grand stake. Dr. Johnson aided the launching of the poem by a favourable notice in the "Critical Review."

The appearance of "The Traveller" at once altered Goldsmith's intellectual standing in the estimation of society; but its effect upon the Literary Club, of famous memory, if we may judge from the account given by Hawkins, was most ludicrous. They were lost in astonishment that a "newspaper essayist" and "bookseller's drudge" should have written such a poem. On the evening of its announcement to them, Goldsmith had gone away early, after "rattling away as usual," and they knew not how to reconcile his heedless garrulity with the serene beauty, the easy grace, the sound good sense, and the occasional elevation of his poetry. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flowed from a man to whom in general, says Johnson, "it was with difficulty they could give a hearing."

The poem went through several editions in the course of the first year, and received some few additions and corrections from the author's pen.*

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA.

A PRIZE ESSAY.

TO enter English life in the reign of Queen Elizabeth is like entering a country rich in natural advantages in the full flush of early summer, when the trees are all vested in silky leaf, and the juicy pastures are haunted with kine, and the brimming rivers flow with a steady rhythm, and the voices of song-birds echo from fragrant copse and pine-grove, and the bees are busy with their honey, and all nature is earnestly building up beautiful and stately growths. We are met with the life, not of ripeness and maturity, but of freshness and progress and promise. There are light and wonder in the faces of men, and new, melodious speech on their lips and great purposes in their hearts; and latent energy is bursting forth in a thousand forms of activity. English "earth seems again in its sweet beginning time." The nation leaps at a bound into strength and courage and enterprise.

Perhaps this marvellous up-springing and out-rushing of intensely vivid life is the leading characteristic of the Elizabethan age. And it had

many causes—some of them as remote as the days of John Wyclif, and his successful struggles with the power of the Papacy, and his translation of the Scriptures into the speech of the people; others more immediate, but still largely anterior to this age. Among these more immediate causes were the Protestant Reformation, the revival of the study of classical literature, the discovery of America, and new revelations of science.

1. The Protestant Reformation. This was the chief cause. This movement had found a congenial home in Germany and in the Netherlands. Its spirit, free as the winds that sweep across the North Sea, soon visited England, and dwellers along the east coast espoused the new faith by tens of thousands. The towns, and especially London, rang with the glad tidings, and the Bible was read everywhere. In the days of the virgin queen the results of this began to be clearly shown. On many persons who had breathed almost unconsciously the spirit of the Reformation there dawned the possibility of a nobler life.

* The following are the lines chosen for illustration in the preceding page:—

1. "Dull as their tales, that slumber in the storm!"

2. "Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale."

3. "— Where alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend."

4. "Could nature's bounty satisfy the heart,—
The sons of Italy were surely blest . . .
There, in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed."

5. "Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire."

Conscience was enlightened. The emotions were kindled into passionate flame, while they were chastened and purified. Eternal hopes and fears presented their motives. The heart of the nation was deeply stirred. And with this quickening of the moral nature there was a complete mental awakening after a long night of slumber. Men whose powers were efflorescing in the warm sunlight of Christian truth (though they did not always recognise the Source of the enlivening force) betook themselves to the study of the literature of ancient Europe.

2. And this revival of letters, the *Renaissance*, was a further cause of this throbbing life. In translations, and in the languages in which they were originally written, the priceless treasures of classical antiquity, which had been hidden away in the Orient for centuries, now came into the hands of Englishmen. This was mainly due to two circumstances—the sack of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, which disseminated the literature; and the invention of printing about the same time, which made it accessible. And as English scholars realised the riches of thought, the clear-eyed outlook on nature and man, the philosophic depth, the historic vividness and truth, the perfection of form, which constituted the charm of these grand old masters, they were filled with “wild surmise;”^{*} and in the strength of their joy they snapped the fetters which the schoolmen had forged, and sought to inspire their own lives, as well as the productions of their pens, with the free and living spirit of the classics. They threw back the doors of wider knowledge and entered this domain, where the student should reap many a harvest, and where, as learning should broaden down from generation to generation, the common people should exchange moral and intellectual serfdom for elevation of soul and for liberty, which are always, sooner or later, the fruit of knowledge.

3. A third cause of this bounding life was the discovery of the New World in 1492 by Columbus. This great event excited the imagination, and evoked the spirit of adventure. Old Earth seemed suddenly to have widened her borders. She invited the brave to appropriate her undreamt-of wealth. And as our heroes, neglecting their own commonplace fisheries and their wine-brigs, went forth to their enterprises, those who stayed at home, following them in thought, gave full play to their imaginations, and from the region of fact mounted up to that of fairyland; and in the mart, and the field, and by the fireside, and on the quay, talked of streams whose sands were gold, and sea-beaches where the rippling waves cast up flashing diamonds; of mountains ribbed with solid silver and covered with dense forests of rare timber; and of all manner of precious store, which waited to enrich the hand of toil. Even the sermon was dyed in the colours of the east and west, and the preacher grew eloquent over a second Canaan, where no tall sons of Anak were powerful enough to contest the right of the new elect of Heaven. Thus discovery and enter-

prise awoke the energies and fed the fresh life of the English nation.

4. The last cause of this surprising vigour that we shall name was successful investigation in the field of science, especially in the science of astronomy. The Copernican system of the Universe was fast superseding the Ptolemaic. Men whose lustre can never pale—Tycho Brahé, Kepler, Galileo, Harriot—were, in spite of Papal terrors, unfolding their speculations and discoveries as some scroll of Apocalyptic splendour. Wider horizons than the boldest had dared to fancy were soon to be revealed to the telescope (1611). The opinion that earth was not the centre of the universe was growing into a conviction. Earth, indeed, was but a speck among the immense worlds into which the points of light in the infinite azure were being resolved. A sense, such as never perhaps has been equalled, of the unknown, of the fathomless reaches of space that break on no shore, seized the human mind. Life became awful, and the thoughtful were braced to aerial flights of imagination and to a more earnest quest after knowledge in ethereal realms.

Such, then, are some of the causes of the vigorous life that leaped in the veins of Englishmen in the days of Queen Bess.

England under Queen Victoria is marked by similar energy, though it takes somewhat different forms and manifestations. Life was never so intense in England as it is to-day. Probably the characteristic which is earliest to arrest the attention of an intelligent foreigner on visiting our shores is this ardent, all-consuming vitality. Yet the life of this age is not that of the sixteenth century. It has not the early freshness, the gaiety as of June, the unabashed outlook of the Elizabethan period. The nation has advanced from June to August. Life is more mature; there is more of recollectedness, if not of composure; more, too, of foresight and calculation. It is not wanting in enterprise, but it is soberer, cherishing a higher moral ideal. But it is afflicted with “spiritual discomfort;” it verges on sadness. The birds that sing in our sky sing as a rule in the minor key. Life is very complex, woven of many threads, but few of the colours are of the brightest. There is no want of effort to give glow to the fabric, but the art employed is the painter’s, not the weaver’s, and the gold and crimson soon fade from the surface, leaving the garment dingier for the attempt. And yet withal the life of to-day is deep, earnest, practically humane and benevolent. Above all, it is progressive, like that under Elizabeth. There is ripeness, but we think notwithstanding the present lull in commercial activity there are no signs of decay. We think that this age is “commissioned to carry out the ideas of industrial development and social amelioration,”^{*} and as the sense of a vocation so high becomes clearer, and as the hand is put more steadily to this plough, a healthier, happier life, less introspective, more-

* See Keats’s Sonnet on Chapman’s Homer

* Matthew Arnold.

unselfish, will beat in the nation's heart; for, as Adam Smith well says, "the progressive state is in reality the cheerful and the hearty state to all the different orders of society."

We can do little more than indicate the causes of the intense and complex life of England under Queen Victoria, though it affords some interesting parallels with the causes, on which we have dwelt, of the vigorous and fruitful life of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

1. The Evangelical Revival in the last century, the second Reformation in England, which did for the morals of the land what the first did for the doctrines of the Church, is undoubtedly a cause, though a remote one, of the life which we have just characterised. Like the great movement which Luther inaugurated, and which after the lapse of half a century blessed the days of Elizabeth, that which sprang from the Wesleys and their coadjutors widened with its onward march, watering intellectual as well as spiritual wastes.

The eighteenth century was one of the most ignoble episodes in our history. It was a sterile desert of mental and moral stagnation, with, we grant, a green isle here and there that looked the lovelier for the surrounding barrenness. The preaching of the Wesleys drove its ploughshare deep into this waste. It sowed precious seed broadcast, and irrigated the land as with the water of life. Soon a plentiful harvest waved in the sunlight of a sky freed from much of the vapour of infidelity and gross sensuousness. The face of the land, the tone and habit of the people, were transformed; and the renovating and stimulating forces then let loose, *blending with other forces* more or less their own creation, have projected themselves into our time, and have affected the specific life of to-day.

2. Among these other forces is the extraordinary outburst of literary activity which distinguished the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first twenty years of the nineteenth, and which is a striking parallel to the Renaissance. No one who is acquainted with the literature of 1790-1820 will dispute that it sends many a stream of energy down to us; nor that it very largely moulds the forms which the life of our time has taken. The reformers, who during the last fifty years have profoundly moved the nation's heart by their speech, their song, their bold schemes of political or social change, have drawn inspiration from this source. And the literature of to-day, of which we shall have more to say, and which is the most powerful force in our land, is tempered and coloured by the literature of the above-mentioned period. The argosies of thought still make many a voyage to that land of Ophir, to return laden with rare treasure.

3. A third parallel in the causes of the distinctive life of England under Victoria, as compared with that of Elizabeth, is scientific discovery; not limited as in the ancient days to astronomy, but practically unlimited in its scope. In every department of science amazing results have been reached. Painstaking investigation has been

rewarded with success beyond the most sanguine expectation. And this new knowledge of Nature, and the new applications of it, are fast revolutionising the beliefs and theories and methods of centuries—are producing effects on the life of England at least as striking and far-reaching as those produced by the discovery in the days of Queen Bess of new worlds beyond the sun.

4. Other causes of the manifold life of this age—causes which are contemporary, and act and react on our national life, but which scarcely have any parallel in the England of the sixteenth century—are the extension of the franchise, the repeal of the corn laws, and the spread of education. The first of these has given freedom to our English life; the second, comfort; and the third, intelligence.

Passing now from this brief study of the distinguishing features, and the causes, remote and immediate, of the life which throbbed in England under these two queens respectively, let us look at some manifestations of this life; and here we shall meet with many points of contrast and comparison.

1. Literature. Many great names give lustre to both reigns, names in every department of letters. In the earlier reign, the Augustan age of our literature, the heavens of thought gleam with innumerable stars, some of them of the first magnitude. Sidney and Spencer, pure, lofty, tender, who mark a new era in poetry; Shakespeare, "myriad-minded," who rose in this time; the English dramatists, the companions of Shakespeare's youth, of whom poor Marlow is king; Bacon, wise as an angel half fallen; picturesque Donne, stately Andrewes, "judicious Hooker," and mellifluous Hall deserve special mention.

Much of this literature is unique in its wealth of thought, its insight, its grace and harmony. But perhaps its chief charm is owing to a certain mingling of reality and romance. Seldom were Englishmen gifted with sounder sense, and with a homelier and truer pathos. Never were the facts of nature and human life seen with a clearer eye; never had fancy more unrestrained play; never did the creative imagination soar to sublimer heights. Everywhere the ivy embraces the oak, the beautiful clings to the useful. Everywhere the foam, iridescent with light, sparkles on the surface of the deep stream of thought. Everywhere the most solid structures of learning, as well as the fairy palaces of strange conceits and laughing satire, are enwreathed with the fragrant flowers and the green sprays of poesy.

And this literature fairly reflects the spirit of the age. It pictures the swagger of the soldier fresh from the wars, and of the half-corsair seaman with his pocket full of doubloons; the roys-tering young noble dressed in a mixture of the costumes of all Europe; the greed of the trader, browbeating Italian money-changers in Lombard Street; the priest and the Puritan preacher at their best and at their worst; with many a splendid type of noble womanhood and high-pitched masculine virtue. And though there is considerable freedom in dealing with life as it exists, though the deadly nightshade grows perilously near the

lily at times, yet the moral tone, even of the dramatists, is generally healthy. Vice is usually set down as vice, and receives no extenuation.

Now, in regard to literature, the age of Queen Victoria has resemblances to that of Elizabeth. It is almost equally rich in poetry. Tennyson and Browning have not many peers among the bards of the sixteenth century. Swinburne and Morris are more than minters of others' gold; they have struck new veins; they have coined from their own bullion. And as sweet lyrics are sung to-day as charmed the courtiers of Sidney's patroness. In history and philosophy we distance the age of Elizabeth by many a league. To mention names is an embarrassment, so great is the multitude to select from. But Thomas Carlyle is as florid as Bacon in his narrative, and far more graphic and living; and in his seer-like insight and high moral teaching, if not in practical wisdom, he rises above the author of the "*Novum Organum*" as Ben Nevis above the sea-beaten crags at its foot. And it may be fitting to remark that, in their several spheres, John Mill, and Ruskin, and George Eliot, and Darwin, illustrate the wealth of contemporaneous literature and have no equals in the days of yore of which we have spoken. And as to much of our theology, if not equal in massiveness and originality of conception, and alluring flavour of diction, to Hooker and his friends and rivals, it is, as might be expected, more tolerant, more enlightened, and in some respects more scholarly.

But having said this, we think that as a whole the literature of our age does not manifest the elastic vigour, the eagle-winged aspiration, the eagle-eyed penetration, the creative energy, that characterise the productions of the Elizabethan epoch; nor does it reflect contemporary life so vividly. Much of our poetry is philosophical, mystical, singing high strains of faith and hope and love in melodious verse; dealing with the ideal world rather than the real; spiritualising nature and man rather than describing them. We have, no doubt, compensation in the best fiction of our time, which is highly dramatic. Thackeray and Dickens reproduce actual life as faithfully as do the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, and their work is not disfigured, to any appreciable extent, by the naked exhibitions of evil, and the gross flattery of persons in authority, which mar much of the best work of the Elizabethan artists. Their moral tone, too, is sweeter and clearer.

2. But we must proceed to compare the religious life of these periods.

i. Queen Elizabeth, though nominally a Protestant, can scarcely be said to have had any settled religious convictions. She seems to have "boxed the compass" in the matter of faith, the guiding needle usually pointing to the magnet of State policy—a shifting magnet. To-day she sharpened the axe and lighted the fire for Catholics; to-morrow she inflicted heavy penalties on Non-conformists; on the third day she patronised a Puritan bishop, and on the fourth day she sent him into the cold shade of her displeasure and coquetted with his rival.

The people, bewildered perhaps by the changing moods of the Queen, assumed the attitude of easy toleration. They kicked vigorously against domination from Rome, whose assumptions and cruelties had filled them with disgust; but, even while distinctly responding to the influence of the Reformation, they clung to the ancient and imposing ceremonies of the Church of England, and accepted much of its teaching. Their temper was that of men who had not fully made up their minds. They shifted from camp to camp. They appear to have held the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, but they respected character rather than Church relationship. Macaulay says they were like the Samaritan settlers of whom we read in second Kings, "who feared the Lord and served graven images."

There was much strife between the different ecclesiastical leaders. The Genevan exiles, who had many sympathisers, were for forcing on the Reformation. Simplicity of worship, and theories of the rights of individual conscience, and congregational control, were dear to them. The bishops were for retaining many of the old forms of worship native to the soil and venerable by long usage, as well as episcopal authority. And this struggle raged uncertainly year after year, very much to the damage of true religion.

Church discipline was lax. "In many churches," says Froude, quoting an old author, "there are no sermons—not one in seven years. Some beneficed men do not or will not preach, and yet keep their livings. In many places the people cannot say the Commandments." This was about 1569. There was little reverence for sacred places. Prostitutes haunted the nave of old St. Paul's. Money was actually received from gallants for being permitted to parade the aisles during the hours of divine service. Men would take the Sacrament as a prelude to their godless revelry in dance and masque and farce. Sunday was in part devoted to business. State affairs were discussed at the Queen's Court, which was thronged with gay visitors.

Ideas of right were far from enlightened. The great seamen, like Hawkins and Stuckley, claimed the sanction of Heaven for their cruellest deeds. The spoil taken from the Spaniards and the natives of newly-discovered lands, by what must be regarded pure piracy, they considered to be lawful treasure, which God had commissioned them to wrest out of the hands of His enemies.

Spiritual religion was far from common, yet in quiet places it was striking many a root. In many a pastor's home, in many a quaint-gabled country house, in many a Londoner's shop, there was light and saintliness—the "virtue" that, as good George Herbert says, is "the bridal of the earth and sky." In many a sanctuary there was the worship "in spirit and in truth," and among the masses there were the descendants of the "seven thousand" who did not bow the knee to Baal.

ii. But how much better are the days of Queen Victoria! Her Majesty is deeply attached to the Protestant religion, and the nation, as a whole, is decidedly and intelligently Protestant. There is perfect toleration. The leaders of the separate

ecclesiastical organisations are inclined to sink points of difference, and to give prominence to points of agreement. And although there are serious dissensions in the National Church, and the war-clarion of party occasionally rings out a furious note, yet there is among all parties a real desire to promote the highest good of the people. The activity of all churches is amazing, and the progress made in providing sanctuaries and suitable religious services for the masses has no kind of parallel in our history.

As to the spiritual condition of England, it is such as to fill the breasts of any but the most extreme pessimists with hope. With many misgivings in relation to the historical basis of Christianity, especially among the literary and scientific classes, with many an attack on the citadel of our faith—things we deplore, but which have their hopeful side—with a widely pervading spirit of sadness, born frequently of honest doubt rather than of disbelief—with all this, there is a reverence for God, an admiration of real goodness, a sincere, wistful longing for truth, a hearty love of honour and righteousness, for which we should search in vain in Elizabeth's time.

The bitterness of theological controversy is almost unknown. The strife of tongues is well-nigh silenced. Intolerance is branded as odious; and love, a flame from heaven, fuses the hearts of many whose opinions have no similarity. Human life has grown more sacred, and Christianity has gone afar with her precious Gospel. We are the protectors of the weak. We proclaim the decks of our ships to be as much the refuge of the oppressed as the streets of London; and we boast that our flag is the universal symbol of humanity.

Nor have the churches been deaf to the cries of our own people—to the wail of misery that rises more loudly as population crowds our great cities. Earnest men are strenuously endeavouring to improve the condition of the lapsed masses, and of those who are ground beneath the heel of unfortunate circumstance.

3. This brings us to the social condition of our country at present, as compared with the days of the maiden queen.

We would not overlook the better features of the olden time. Food was cheap, and wages were good. The average price of wheat was six shillings and eightpence a quarter; beef and pork could be bought at a halfpenny or three farthings a pound; a fat lamb might be had for twopence, a goose for fourpence, and a hen for twopence. Beer was one penny a gallon; wine eightpence. A farm capable of grazing a hundred sheep and thirty milch cows could be rented for £3 or £4 a year. After the reform of the coinage in 1560, provisions were a third dearer. Wages, which were fixed by statute, for skilled artisans were about sixpence a day; for labourers, fourpence. The penny was about equal to a shilling of our currency. After 1560 wages were considerably higher; but the penny was worth only eightpence of our money.

If there was not material comfort in the homes of the working classes, it was not for want of

means. But the style of living was generous; hospitality was lavish; and poverty followed close on plenty. Still, the people were characterised by the "broad, rosy health" that waits on labour. There was a masculine temper that hated treachery and baseness; a conscience fairly sound though not always sensitive; and a dignified respect for the laws of the land.

The other side of the picture is less attractive. There was much severity. The gallows rose gaunt in the towns; the village green was the scene of the whipping-post and the stocks; the village pond was the drowning-place of old hags who professed witchcraft; political crimes were freely expiated at the block on Tower Hill. Cruel mutilation awaited authors whose works were not fortunate enough to run the gauntlet of the censorship of the Primate, to whom all books had to be submitted.

There was much coarseness in all ranks, and much trifling with justice. A high conception of honour was only in the bud, and the moral sense was trained to regard bribery as among the most venial of sins. Even the Queen and her public servants—her great Ministers of State—did not hesitate to corrupt the agents of foreign potentates with what Sir Thomas Gresham called "delicate stratagems."

The sanitary condition of the land was deplorable. The peasantry were huddled together in unwholesome dwellings. The scope of the poor law lately enacted was limited. Hospitals were few. Fierce diseases carried off periodically tens of thousands of the inhabitants.

Contrasting all this with our country to-day, we are thankful to say, notwithstanding our pauperism, our drunkenness and crime, notwithstanding the physical discomfort and wretchedness and overcrowding and disease, which are dark blots on our civilisation, that England socially considered is infinitely in advance of England under Elizabeth. The people are better paid, better housed, better fed, and better cared for in sickness; the three hospitals have been increased by thousands; comfort and refinement are finding their way into the cottage; the art gallery, the museum, and literature are educating the whole man. Bribery is unknown in high places, and is severely punished wherever discovered. Our judges are incorruptible as the sun; the foreign service of the State is conducted in the light of righteousness; and the Court is the purest ever known in England.

4. Trade and Commerce.

In the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign the commerce of England was confined to the wine trade with France, the fish trade with Iceland, and a trade in miscellaneous commodities with Norway, Sweden, and Holland. Many persons also were engaged in the coast fisheries. As the reign advanced and the spirit of adventure seized English mariners, commerce left its old haunts and spread its white sails on many seas and loaded its caravans in many countries. From the Orient across the land came spices and cottons and richly-wrought fabrics and precious stones. From the sun-setting across the stormy

Atlantic came the produce of the forest and the field, rare woods and potatoes and tobacco, and many a treasure from the mine. Trade became organised. Home manufactures were stimulated by the influx of Protestant exiles. The demand for linens and woollens exceeded the supply, and agriculturists flocked into the towns to find work in the mills. The statesmen were terrified lest the realm should be ruined by the excessive imports and by the withdrawal of labour from the land and the fisheries. The importation of corn brought the terror to a climax. Cecil raised the cry of "Protection." A navigation law was passed taxing foreign vessels which entered our ports; indeed, the Flemings were excluded from our harbours. And in order to revive the fisheries, which had fallen into decay on account of the demand for sailors for distant voyages, a bill was adopted which made the eating of flesh on certain days a misdemeanour punishable by fine or imprisonment. But events proved too strong for the statesmen, who were forced to wink at what they could not prevent. By the close of Elizabeth's reign the Customs had almost doubled.

But, great as was this progress, it bears no proportion to the development of trade and commerce and wealth that distinguish our age. It will be sufficient to name some of the events—events which have no parallel in the reign of the older queen—which have contributed to this extraordinary development. The passing of Free Trade measures in 1842, and the consequent prodigious increase of commerce, the perfecting of the steam-engine, the invention of the electric

agriculture; the Australian gold fever and the rise into importance of that magnificent colony; the Great Exhibition of 1851; the commercial treaty with France in 1860, by which our trade with that country vastly increased; the opening of the Chinese ports to trade by treaty in the same year; the liberation of India from the control of a trading company; and the extension of the franchise;—all these have wrought powerfully in the direction of national progress. With some figures illustrating this progress we must close. The Customs, which in 1561 were worth £71,365, now amount to £19,701,000. The Post Office, which was an insignificant source of revenue in the sixteenth century, produces £7,730,000. The total imports, which we estimate at £2,000,000 in Elizabeth's day, have risen to the value of £426,891,579. The total exports, which reached perhaps £1,750,000, now are worth £305,437,070. The cotton goods exported last year were valued at £62,936,025; cottons were imported in Elizabeth's reign. In 1560 the woollen goods exported—chiefly to Holland—did not reach £1,000,000; now they represent £18,315,575. Think again of our railways—mileage, 18,681; employes, 367,793; cost of construction, £784,921,312; carried last year 683,718,137 persons for £68,210,052. Compare this with the first coach, introduced in 1564, to the admiration of all beholders. What a leap!

If space permitted we might multiply illustrations, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

We might also mark some political contrasts, but we have reached our limit, and must reluctantly abandon this, with the invitation to the reader to pursue the study for himself.*

R. C. COWELL.

BREAD—HOME-MADE OR BAKERS'.

WHEN a good housewife, resident in Todmorden, went up to London with her husband for the first time, a few years ago, by a "cheap trip," she related, on her return, that the thing which most astonished her among all the wonderful scenes of the metropolis was the sight of innumerable bakers' shops full of bread. "Why don't they make and bake their own bread in their own homes?" she inquired with much surprise and some contempt. She had always been used, on the confines of the two counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire (in which, happily, home-made bread is, or was, the rule and bakers' bread the exception), to eat it herself and to know it to be the prevalent diet in the North. But her sentiments of mild amazement and scorn, we imagine, would have quickly changed to wrath had she remained long enough in London to learn by experience the actual nature of much of the bread which is sold. It makes one's heart ache to look at the children of the London working-classes and to know how much they suffer from want of that which Nature supplies in rich abundance, but of

which vicious customs and mistaken theories deprive them.

The flour, as it comes unadulterated from the mill, contains as its chief constituents the two substances most needed for the nourishment of human beings (and a large proportion of animals also for that matter), but especially for children, viz., starch and sugar, as well as the bone-making phosphates in the husk. But our present object is to draw attention to a much less noticed point, and one of considerably greater importance, viz., that during the process of fermentation a certain proportion of the sugar and starch in the dough is being converted into carbonic acid gas and flies off into the air. Of course this is so much loss of nourishing particles, but the process is essential for making the remainder digestible, otherwise no yeast need be put into the dough and no fermentation at all allowed. When that fermentation does not take place sufficiently, when from bad yeast or other cause the dough does not "rise" properly,

* This Essay obtained the First Prize in our recent competition.

we all know the unpleasant result in the shape of "heavy bread." But how many of us (except Yorkshire and Lancashire folk when they come to London) reflect on the mischief that results *from letting fermentation go on too long* and losing a vast deal more of the nourishing part of the flour in the shape of carbonic acid gas than is required for "leavening" the dough sufficiently? Bakers are in the habit of "setting the sponge" overnight and letting it "work" for nine or ten hours, whereas from two to three hours, according to the yeast and the weather, on an average would be ample. Home-made bread is rarely allowed more than the last-named time for "rising," and hence the marvellous difference between the two products. The waste of wholesome food by the methods commonly pursued ought to be more widely known and generally denounced.

But why do the bakers allow home-made bread to be thus superior to their own? What possible motive can they have for thus destroying the nutritious quality of the "staff of life" which they supply? Why, in short, do they keep their dough fermenting for nine or ten hours when they know, as every housewife or cook who makes bread at home can tell them, from two to three hours is time enough?

We have sought an answer to this question from innumerable obliging bakers, north, south, east, and west, and the result of our inquiries is this: they find that the longer fermentation, by swelling out the loaf to a larger size, and giving it a whiter as well as a plumper look, provides a more attractive-looking article for the ordinary customer. Thus the said customer gets a defective diet as retribution for his depraved hankering after size and colour (or rather absence of colour) in his loaf. He is, in fact, the unhappy victim of his own folly—according to the bakers. But when he is *not* desirous of being thus deluded, and can in any way make known to wise and intelligent public bread-makers that he would prefer the substance to the shadow and wishes for "home-made bread," even though it be got from a shop, such wise tradesmen will generally supply him with the right article made on the domestic principle of short fermentation instead of on the destructive long-time system. Whenever we have seen "home-made bread" announced in a baker's window, we have found the bread supplied to be of the nutritious home-made quality; we have long made a practice of inquiring, cautiously and courteously, wherein consisted the difference between the bread so designated and the ordinary "household baker's bread." Invariably we have received the same answer, namely, that which we have now given.

Bakers, it is true, will generally tell you that for one customer who prefers their "home-made" bread, there are ten who say it is too "close," and like the "baker's bread" better because it is lighter and easier to digest. But there is no reason why bread made up after two and a half hours' fermentation should not be light and digestible, provided there has been sufficient yeast of a good quality and a warm atmosphere, to make the dough rise well. If it has risen sufficiently by that time, then all fermentation carried on longer

is only just so much waste—allowing what should nourish the body to go off in gas and pollute the air. The best proof of the superiority of "home-made" bread over ordinary baker's bread is the universal exclamation of delight made by persons accustomed only to baker's bread, when by good luck they find at a friend's table something which makes them gratefully exclaim, "Oh, what nice bread you have!" Of course. The sugar which nature has placed in the wheat is still present in such bread, instead of being lost in poisonous exhalations from the dough-trough, and makes the home-made bread taste almost like cake, while the much larger proportion of starch also present gives it a "staying" and satisfying character. It "goes much further," and, of course, less is required, which may be one reason why bakers like to sell the less nutritious product.

Children again crave for "sweetstuff" far more when they do not get the sugar from their bread which they ought to find there. And, however injurious to their teeth the sucking of lollipops may be (and the injury is unhappily very great) it is absolutely necessary for them to get "sweetness" in some form or other.

One reason sometimes alleged for "setting the sponge" overnight and leaving the fermentation to go on all through the night is the wretched craving foolish people have for "new bread" hot from the oven, but this is one of the most unwholesome things they can take.

The conditions of daily life, as well as the restricted houses of the poor, make it impossible for the great majority to bake at home. The bakers, whose trade has the highest antiquity, will probably hold their place to the end of time. But why should they not help in the necessary reform?

London "dwellings of the poor" have not the facilities for baking at home possessed by the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Fancy ovens in the one living room of the metropolitan hardworking mechanic, labourer, or costermonger! True, in summer-time that one room is an oven, but it will not bake bread. What is to be done? Get the poor folk out of London as soon as possible, and see that all cottages in the country, all Peabody and similar new buildings in great cities, are fitted up with small ovens for three or four families to use in common. No ordinary family need bake more than two or three times a week, according to the size of the oven; and they could all, therefore, use it in turn.

Something also may be done in the meantime by persuading bakers to supply "home-made" bread to their customers if a sufficient number will engage to take such loaves, and thereby make it worth a baker's while to provide a separate batch of bread made up in a rational and wholesome fashion. An enterprising tradesman might soon monopolise the custom of his neighbourhood by supplying bread much sweeter and more nutritive to his neighbours unable to bake at home.

Journeymen bakers, as well as customers, suffer under the present system grievously, for they get longer hours to work and more poisonous gas to breathe.

HENRY SOLLY.

Varieties.

Lord Shaftesbury and Dean Stanley.—Dean Bradley publishes the following lines by Dean Stanley, with a note appended by the late Earl of Shaftesbury. They tell their own story, but were received by him, together with a letter from Lord Shaftesbury, in November of last year.

"Trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram."

Well said old Lucan : often have I seen
A stripling tree all foliage and all green,
But not a hope of grateful soothing shade,
Its empty strength in fluttering leaves displayed.
Give me the solid trunk, the aged stem
That rears its scant but glorious diadem ;
That through long years of battle or of storm
Has striven whole forests round it to reform ;
That plants its roots too deep for man to shake,
That lifts its head too high for grief to break ;
That still, through lightning flash and thunderstroke,
Retains its vital sap and heart of oak.
Such gallant tree for me shall ever stand
A great rock's shadow in a weary land.

May, 1873.

A. P. S.

NOTE.—I had written to Canon Conway to say that he had better find some new and younger chairman for the annual flower show in Dean's Yard, adding that I was in the condition of a tree which, as Lucan says, "casts a shadow no longer by its leaves, but only by its stem." He sent the note to the Dean, who returned it with the verses above. I knew that the Dean was very kindly disposed towards me, but I did not know how kindly.

SHAFTESBURY.

Mechanical Honours.—In opening the proceedings of the Mechanical Section of the British Association at Aberdeen Mr. Benjamin Baker, of the Institute of Civil Engineers, blew the trumpet with no uncertain sound in just praise of his craft, the honour as well as usefulness of which all men acknowledge. Addressing the assembled engineers, many of whom were distinguished bridge-builders and railway constructors, he said, after calling America "the paradise of mechanics": "When the British Association was inaugurated years ago there was, I believe, no intention to have a section for the discussion of mechanical science. Possibly it may have been considered too mean a branch. Even the usually generous Shakespeare speaks contemptuously of 'mechanic slaves, with greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,' and our old friend Dr. Johnson's definition of 'mechanical' is 'mean, servile.' We have lived down this feeling of contempt, and the world admits that the 'greasy apron' is as honourable a badge as the priest's cassock or the warrior's coat of mail, and has played as important a part in the great work of civilising humanity and turning blood-thirsty savages into law-abiding citizens."

Mr. Baker is wrong in supposing that the doubt as to making a separate Mechanical Section arose from any doubt as to its claims, but the difficulty was as to opening the way to *applied* science, and the exception in favour of the engineers is proof of their proud position.

First Telegraphic Message.—An interesting anecdote is told respecting the first words sent through the electric telegraph in America. Professor Morris had long urged in vain upon the attention of Congress the importance of his project. He had exhausted all his means, and for the last time was in Washington in advocacy of his claims. The evening of the closing day of Congress had commenced, and so much business had to be got through that he returned to his lodgings in despair. Next morning, when at breakfast, a visitor was announced. It was the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents. She had heard from her father that at midnight, the moment before the adjournment of the Senate, the Tele-

graph Bill had passed. Knowing the anxiety of Professor Morris, she hastened to report to him the good news. He thanked her warmly for her kind and womanly sympathy, and promised that the first message should be indited by her. In about a year the line was completed, and the young lady was apprised of the fact, with a request that she would send a message for transmission. A note from her enclosed these words, **WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!** which Professor Morris joyfully sent through the wire, expressing both his own deep thankfulness, and placing the success where it was due.

General Gordon and Florence Nightingale.—A subscription sent to the Gordon Memorial Fund (the training school at Aldershot) was accompanied by the following letter from Florence Nightingale: "A most humble subscription to the Gordon Memorial Fund, £3 3s., and I would it were a thousand times the sum. Might but the example of this great and pure hero be made to tell this—that self no longer existed to him, but only God and duty—on the soldiers who would have died to save him, and on boys who should live to follow him." Truly a generous tribute from one who showed kindred spirit in devotion to duty!

The Flying Dutchman.—The origin of the famous legend of "the Flying Dutchman," is said to be this. Some three centuries ago a large Dutch Indianman, commanded by Mynheer Vanderdecken, attempted to double the "Cape of Storms" (now the Cape of Good Hope) in the teeth of a strong headwind. The obstinacy of Dutchmen is proverbial, and although the adverse wind long continued, Vanderdecken doggedly contended against it, and at length impiously declared that he would double the Cape, even if he sailed till the day of doom! As a punishment for his daring impiety, according to the nautical legend, the wicked skipper, in his doomed ship, manned by his toiling crew, is continually sailing in the latitude of the stormy Cape, but never can double it! Sailors are still found to affirm that, at midnight, in a gale of wind—and there is nearly always a gale more or less in these waters—the phantom ship is often seen, with her antique build and rig, and the figure of Mynheer Vanderdecken on the poop giving orders to his ghastly crew. Whether the strange and picturesque legend is pure invention, or whether it is founded in some measure on fact, no one now knows, but it is likely enough that the words were really spoken by a phlegmatic Dutchman, who was roused to wrath by the baffling wind.

Japan.—One of the ablest and most prominent men in Japan—Mr. Itô Hirobumi—has returned from a visit to Germany, and it is reported that he has addressed the Mikado, urging the truth and importance of Christianity. Such has been the influence of Mr. Itô's report, that the chief officers in the Cabinet are becoming interested in the study of Christianity, and the former Court teacher of Confucianism is no longer opposing the Gospel, but also carefully reading the Scriptures. In a course of study recently prescribed for all the Shinto priests, the Bible and Martin's "Evidences of Christianity" are included.—*Southern Cross.*

Losses during the American Civil War.—An official statement has at length been issued of the losses by death of the Federal armies during the civil war, or as it is termed "the secessionist war," or in plainer English the rebellion of the Southern States. The statistics, which are of historic interest, show that 4,142 officers and 62,896 men were slain in battle; 2,223 officers and 40,777 men succumbed to wounds received; 2,795 officers and 221,791 men fell victims to disease; 106 officers and 4,858 men were drowned; 142 officers and 3,972 men lost their lives through other causes; 37 officers and 483 men were assassinated; and 14 officers and 90 men were murdered after being taken prisoners; 26 officers and 365 men committed suicide; 267 men were executed by the Federal authorities, and four officers and 60 men by the enemy; five officers and 308 men died of sun-

stroke; 62 officers and 1,972 men succumbed to known causes; 28 officers, and 15,093 men to unknown causes. The total loss was consequently 9,584 officers and 349,912 rank and file, or, together, 359,696 men. Of the officers lost 66·23 per cent. were killed by the enemy, 29·13 per cent. died from sickness, and 4·56 from other causes; of the rank and file, 30 per cent. fell before the enemy, 63 per cent. fell victims to disease, 3 per cent. died by accident or through violence, and 4 per cent. from other causes. The admitted total deaths amount to close on 360,000 men. But a large number of lives were undoubtedly shortened by disease and wounds, so that at least 400,000, some estimate even a larger number, may be fairly set down to the war. Of the Confederate losses no official report has ever been given, but it was not far below that of the victors. It is probable that above 800,000 lives were sacrificed. Such was the terrible penalty paid for the abolition of slavery in the United States; not to speak of the money spent and property destroyed, ten times greater than the twenty million pounds by which the abolition of slavery was peacefully effected in the British Empire.

Queensland.—When the publication in the "Leisure Hour" of letters from a missionary first called public attention to the virtual "slave trade" carried on in the Pacific by agents of the planters in Queensland, a denial was rudely made by the Colonial Agent in London. A Royal Commission was appointed, and the alleged traffic was proved to exist to a cruel extent. A great act of reparation has since been done by the Government of the colony to the Polynesians who had been kidnapped and brought to work on the sugar plantations of the north. The surviving islanders have been returned to their homes. Compensation is to be given to the planters, and a definitive stop is to be put to the traffic, which has cast such a slur upon the good name of Englishmen and obloquy upon the fair fame of one of the most prosperous of British colonies. The planters threaten to form a separate colony of North Queensland!

The Jewish Population of the World.—The "Bulletin" of the Geographical Society of Marseilles estimates the total number of Jews in the world at 6,377,602—that is, 5,407,602 in Europe, 245,000 in Asia, 413,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 12,000 in Oceania. The European Jews are distributed as follows: 1,643,708 in Austria-Hungary, 561,612 in Germany, 60,000 in Great Britain, 3,000 in Belgium, 3,946 in Denmark, 1,900 in Spain, 70,000 in France, 2,652 in Greece, 7,373 in Switzerland, 8,693 in Holland, 36,289 in Italy, 600 in Luxembourg, 200 in Portugal, 260,000 in Roumania, 2,552,145 in Russia, 3,492 in Servia, 3,000 in Sweden and Norway, and 116,000 in European Turkey. There are about 150,000 in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, 15,000 in Persia, 47,000 in Asiatic Russia, in India and China 19,000, and 14,000 in Turkestan and Afghanistan. In Africa there are about 35,000 in Algeria, 100,000 in Morocco, 55,000 in Tunis, 6,000 in Tripoli, 200,000 in Abyssinia, 8,000 in Egypt, 8,000 scattered over the desert, and about 1,000 at the Cape of Good Hope.

Cost of the Strike at Elswick Iron-works.—At the annual meeting of the Elswick Company, the chairman, Sir William Armstrong, in his report, stated, in order to show how damaging such needless strikes were to the men as well as to the public generally, that the men were off work fifteen working days, and the loss of wages in that time might be put down at £20,000. Besides this, a contract which had been offered to the company but refused owing to the strike had accordingly passed into foreign hands, and he calculated that the contract would have necessitated the spending in wages of £30,000. Thus the strike had resulted in an aggregate loss to the working men of Elswick of £50,000. Of course the company had suffered also, but in a much less degree. Sir William Armstrong said that the company had undertaken a factory in Italy, where work would be done not only for the Italian Government, but in the general business of the establishment.

Costume of the Tower Beefeaters.—Messrs. Batt, contractors, state that no change has been made in the present undress uniform of the Tower Yeomen of the Guard (Beefeaters), barring the head dress, which is now made of cloth with a cockade in front, instead of black velvet with ribbons

round, and both hats are exactly the same shape. Each Beefeater has also a full dress uniform, which he wears on State occasions, and which includes the velvet hat. It was in 1858 when Messrs. Batt invented the present undress uniform for the Tower Beefeaters, and the difference of cost per suit is about £54.

The Earl of Shaftesbury.—The following lines appeared in our contemporary "Punch":

IN MEMORIAM.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
BORN APRIL 28, 1801. DIED OCTOBER 1, 1885.

Is life worth living? Who will dare to ask,
Remembering thy nobly rounded task,
Large-hearted Earl, whose lengthened tract of years,
Death shadowed now amidst a people's tears,
Spread smiles like sunshine on the earth's dark ways.
If Heaven's approval and the people's praise,
Poverty's blessing, and the joy sublime
Of ministry that lifts the curse of crime,
If these avail to dower our days with worth,
How happy was thy life, who wealth and birth
Mad'st not a perch for pleasure, pride, pretence,
But vantage ground for high beneficence!
Friend of the fallen, helper of the poor,
The poor shall see, the fallen hear no more
That kindly presence, that inspiring voice.
As in thy life their thousands did rejoice,
So at thy death they grieve. These toilers grey,
Who find so little sun on life's hard way,
Those helpless thralls of trade, whose spirits feel
The long relentless grinding of the wheel,
Those all unchildlike children, victims small
Of modern Molochs, all who creep or fall
On poverty's rough road, or crime's steep slope,
Will miss the presence of incarnate hope,
In the Good Earl. Yet has their champion left
Bequests of which they shall not be bereft,
And legacies of help, in softened law,
And guardian edict; so that MAMMON'S maw
Crushes them not quite wholly as of old.
There be his monuments! His heart is cold
Who reads unmoved the roll of that long life,
With naught but suffering and wrong at strife,
Or marks without a touch of tearful mist
The passing of the great Philanthropist.

Minims of Nature.—The *Sphæria* (species of Fungi) are so diminutive as to require the practised eye of the botanist for their detection. He finds in the examination of their structure a pleasing and agreeable spectacle, and so much curious design and constancy as are quite subversive of hypotheses implying spontaneous generations or formative powers of nature as necessary to account for their production. If I may judge from my own experience, it is, in fact, in these "minims of nature" that we are most strongly impressed with the conviction of the existence of a First Great Intelligent Cause, and are most ready to admit that His works are wonderful, and made in wisdom.—*Dr. George Johnston's Flora of Berwick-on-Tweed.*

The Agricultural Labourer as Viewed by Lord Shaftesbury.—Nevertheless (wrote Lord Shaftesbury in 1868), with all these deficiencies of education which the wisdom of Parliament will endeavour to supply, I cannot refrain from making, on behalf of the first-rate agricultural labourer, a larger claim than is usually admitted, to be considered a man of education; that he is "a skilled artisan" will any one deny? Look at him engaged with the plough, see the length and straightness of each furrow, its mathematical precision, the steadiness of his hand and eye, and his masterly calculation of distance and force. Observe a hedger on all the various branches of that part of labour, and admit the accu-

racy of judgment that is required for a calling so apparently humble; no spinner could do what he does any more than he could what is done by the spinner. His talk, too, may be of bullocks; it may be also of sheep; it may be of every parochial matter; but, then, it is talk upon his special vocation, and oftentimes how sound and sensible it is. He has not, of course, the acquirements and acuteness or the urban operative; his labour is passed in comparative solitude, and he returns to his home at night, in a remote cottage or a small village, without the resource of clubs, mechanics' institutes, and the friction of his fellow-men. Still, he may say, with the most scientific, that he is master of the profession to which he is called; and every one will rejoice to add to his honourable and useful career whatever is possible to comfort and adorn it.

Deterioration of New Englanders.—An American writer, Dr. John Ellis, gives a sad account of the state and prospects of the population in New England. In six years, he says, the deaths of native Americans in Massachusetts alone exceeded the births by about 30,000, while of foreign-born settlers the births exceeded the deaths by nearly 90,000. In many towns there are only old men, old women, and spinsters. The young men "go West" and leave the young women husbandless. The school statistics are equally conclusive. Massachusetts has far larger population than Kentucky, but Kentucky has nearly twice as many children at school. Excepting that we pity the spinsters, we do not regret the leavening of the Republic with young brain and good character from the New England States.

Brass Cleaning.—To polish brass use ordinary whiting or chalk, and a damp cotton or woollen cloth. If the metal is stained or tarnished, then use rottenstone and oil on a cloth, and finish with whiting for a gloss. If corroded and blackened, use oxalic acid in water with the rottenstone, instead of oil.

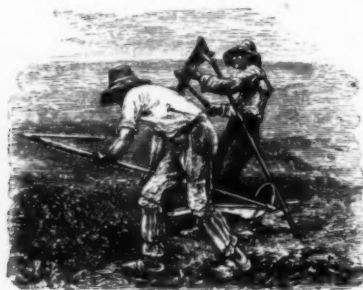
Hindoo Peasant Life.—It takes very little to make a Hindoo happy. His expectations are on a very small scale, their gratification very easily accomplished. Give him a circle of his neighbours, with a pipe going round from mouth to mouth, and a ragged musician to thump monotonously on a tom-tom, and he will squat, with but little conversation, and no change of attitude, for hour after hour. His appetite is quite satisfied with this; he asks for nothing more. Or to be thoroughly well entertained he needs only a patient friend, who will sit and hear him drone out the interminable narrative of the lawsuit which his family have kept going for generations. A feast for such as he is made up of but few ingredients, and these of the humblest. His entertainments are composed of only the dullest materials. Yet in his way he seems happy, and herein no doubt is the secret of

the fascination which his life appears to have for others of more robust natures and higher and larger experiences.—*Telegraph.*

[The Hindoo is naturally a quiet and contented being, but his material happiness is somewhat diminished by the fact that too large a proportion of his labour is not for himself or his family, but for his rulers. Of the total product of native industry and labour, 20 per cent. is taken from the people in taxes. £11,000,000 yearly is paid in salaries, and £3,000,000 in pensions. Of the £60,000,000 obtained from India it is estimated that £20,000,000, or a tenth of the whole income of the people, comes to this country.]

The "Judicious Hooker's" Farewell to Life.—In closing the recollections of his life, the venerable divine says: "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour for making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near; and though I have by His grace loved Him in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to Him and to all men; yet, if Thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? and therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy unto me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners; and since I owe Thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take Thine own time; I submit to it; let not mine, O Lord, but let Thy will be done," with which expressions he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous, as to his recovery; yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words, "Good Doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and He is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me. My conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the church more service, but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep.

Ink.—Ink can now be bought so cheap that it is scarcely worth the trouble of making it in small quantities. A trade magazine gives the following recipe for a black ink of good quality and not liable to get mouldy. Take 120 grams log-wood extract, 90 grams sulphate of iron, 60 grams alum, and 60 grams gum arabic, pulverise the ingredients and place them in an earthen pot, pour one litre wine vinegar over them, and cover the pot with an earthen cover. Stir several times a day, whether the temperature be cold or warm, and eight days afterwards dilute with the corresponding quantity of rain water.



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